

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XVI.—No. 22.
Copyright, 1896, by PETER FENSLON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1896.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



ELEANORA DUSE.



211-217 West Thirtieth Street,
212-214 West Thirtieth Street,
NEW YORK CITY

TERMS:

COLLIER'S WEEKLY and THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, ONE YEAR, and choice of any set of premium books, including:
Balzac's "Human Comedy,"
Sue's "Wandering Jew," in five volumes, with Dore illustrations,
"Life of the Great Napoleon,"
"Capitals of the Globe,"
"Milton's Paradise Lost," or "Dante's Inferno," \$9.50
In Canada, including British Columbia and Manitoba, freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$7.50
COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Premium Books, exclusive of Library, \$5.00
In Canada, including British Columbia and Manitoba, freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$6.00

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, exclusive of THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada \$5.00
THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, without the newspaper, twenty-six numbers per year \$4.50
Single copies of THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY25

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should Collier's Weekly fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, Collier's Weekly Building, No. 523 W. 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENCION COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "Collier's Weekly." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

All correspondents sending us short stories, poems or other contributions will be expected to keep copies thereof, as the publisher and proprietor of Collier's Weekly declines to be held responsible for their return. However, in all cases where stamps are enclosed for return postage the proprietor will endeavor to comply with the requests.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1896.

HOME RULE.

Is it not common sense to assert that the power to govern one's self is at the very root of Home Rule? If an individual cannot control his own temper, his own passions and wrong inclinations, is he fit to govern a family? Only one answer seems admissible, and that answer is No. If not fit to govern a family, can he be said to possess the attributes required for the sagacious management of a State or a nation, or even of a party? Assuredly not; for, lacking the fundamental element of what Mr. Smalley calls reserve and self-restraint, he would always be the slave of his own temper, and therefore incapable of controlling those who should yield unhesitating obedience.

Now this is the trouble which at present afflicts the Irish Parliamentary Home Rule party. It lacks self-restraint; that is to say, its leaders show that they are sadly deficient in the essential quality that would fit them to lead. Mr. George W. Smalley, American correspondent of the London Times, from whom sound advice to Home Rulers was hardly to be expected, has pointed out this truth in very forcible terms. It was not his intention to benefit the Home Rulers. By no means. His object was to try to show that so split up into factions is their party, so bereft of real leadership has it been ever since the death of Mr. Parnell, that Home Rule is practically dead.

"So far as the cause of Home Rule is concerned," writes Mr. Smalley, "it makes no great difference which of the Irish band be promoted to the barren distinction of leadership. Home Rule is dead. . . . There has been no real leader since Mr. Parnell was deposed—since the Irish, that is, allowed Mr. Gladstone to deprive them of the only Irishman who, since O'Connell, has shown any real capacity for high politics. With Mr. Parnell's deposition and death vanished the last chance of Home Rule for Ireland." We need not concede that hopeless conclusion to accept as true all that this hired anti-Irish ambassador of the great English Thunderer states as to the effect of the long-time division of the Irish Parliamentary leaders among themselves upon the prospects of wresting any solid concessions from either of the two great parties, Tories or Liberals, who in turn direct and control the policies of British Administrations. No more is to be expected from one party than from the other so long as the Irish themselves show an incapacity for self-government. To make themselves felt they must show a united, solid front. They must begin and end every campaign under one strong, capable leader, who, like Parnell, must be invested with despotic power over his followers. There must be no wavering or uncertainty, no petty strifes and wranglings in or out of the committee rooms.

What Mr. Smalley says about the incapacity to

govern the party may be equally true whether applied to Dillon, or Healy, or Redmond, or any other of the prominent Home Rulers spoken of in connection with the leadership. Mr. Dillon has been chosen to lead the anti-Parnellites, and Mr. Redmond still maintains his authority over the Parnellite branch. Mr. Redmond has no enemy in the rear, but Mr. Dillon has Tim Healy to reckon with, and will always have the terrible Tim ready to pounce upon him at the first sign of weakness or error of judgment. How can a party thus divided ever hope to achieve success? Parnell is dead, and the divisions his one great error caused ought to have ended with his death. What excuse has any sincere Home Ruler for prolonging the antagonisms which are the only obstacle to united action for the common cause? None whatever—at least, we here in America, who favor Irish Home Rule, can see none. To us these petty divisions of Parnellites, anti-Parnellites, Dillonites and Healyites seem incomprehensible—nay, worse—a crime against the national aspiration.

It is very true, no doubt, that no man so supremely gifted as Parnell for leadership exists to-day in the ranks of the Irish Home Rulers; but this lack of super-eminent leadership might be less evident and less felt were the Nationalist party united to a man in an effort to accomplish their object. Every Home Ruler knows what his country needs. Parnell pointed out the path to success and led his party up to the very point of victory when by one great error he lost his control and sank into an early grave—a great man crushed by the ingratitude of his countrymen. But his death left the path clear again. All that is necessary is to follow it straight on to the end without halt or division.

The spirit of Irish Home Rule still lives. It is not dead, as Mr. Smalley would like to have us believe. Whether Sexton and Dillon and Healy and Redmond, each and all have the vices and virtues of the typical Celt, as Mr. Smalley asserts, is of no great consequence so long as each and all of them smother their private griefs and petty jealousies for the sake of the common good, and work faithfully for the attainment of Home Rule. Sooner or later their opportunity will come again as it came to Parnell. Let them be ready to seize it.

It is a great tribute, nevertheless—that which this implacable enemy of the Irish cause pays to the dead leader. Mr. Parnell, he declares, had neither the virtues nor the vices of the Celt; at least not in the peculiar Celtic form of both. "He had faith in acts, not words. He was cold, reserved, hard, stern, immovable in purpose; a dictator, contemptuous of other people's opinions, confident in his own; with a courage equal to anything, and a will of iron, before which the will of others broke." He was capable of adopting a fixed rule of conduct for himself and his party, from which he never swerved. "It was the secret of his success, and of the marvelous success of the party and of the movement which he led. . . . His secret died with him. It was character—there was no other secret—and character is not transmissible as a political legacy."

To this we may say that with all Mr. Parnell's great force of character and conspicuous fitness for leadership he would have failed early in his great career, as he did later, if his party had not remained faithful and united. The great secret, after all, of political success is union for an object. There is no mystery or secrecy as to the aim and object of the Irish party. Both are as plain as the sunlight at high noon. Let Healy, Dillon and Redmond all resign and make way for one man, whom all will follow and obey as Parnell was followed and obeyed. Then and not till then will the goal be in sight again. There is no cause for despair. Success or failure rests with the party itself.

ARBITRATION AND WAR.

ONE good effect of the excitement and discussion provoked by President Cleveland's memorable Venezuelan message is to be found in the interest awakened in arbitration as a substitute for war in all cases of disputes between nations. A great arbitration wave seems to have swept over the world and aroused the attention of rulers, statesmen and people to the necessity of preventing all appeals to the sword or the cannon in future if possible.

This is a marvelous step forward. The world has improved, decidedly notwithstanding the groans of the pessimists. Mankind has become more refined and more humane as well as more critical about national policies and quarrels. A little while ago when two nations differed it was thought that only war could settle things. In the language of the apologists for despotic measures, "a little blood-letting" was considered "good for the body politic," and a capital means for depleting the dangerous and useless classes. The advocates of peace were sneered at. Swords were sharpened, guns polished, and nations were hurled at each other's throats like bulldogs, eager to tear each other to pieces. No account was taken of the lives thus sacrificed or of the treasure wrung from the thrift of the toiling masses. It was cause enough that the King wished it, and the King's will was law.

It was time for such barbarities to cease, and it was fitting that America, the first land where real freedom

reigned, should point the way to this great reform. There is really no reason why nations should not be able to settle their differences in the same quiet, peaceful way that private individuals adopt. Substitute for the municipal courts and juries, so efficient in private affairs, international courts composed of representatives from all the civilized nations of the world. Let it be agreed that no war in future shall be engaged in before the international court of arbitration and diplomacy have exhausted their means of peacefully arranging the disputes.

Think of the thousands of lives and the millions of treasure that thus would be spared to the legitimate productive industries of the world! To-day over three million of men are actually under arms in Europe, and this is the condition with Europe on a peace footing. With a general European war, such as might embroil Russia, Germany, Austria, France, England, Italy, Spain, Turkey and the smaller countries, between twenty-five and thirty millions of men would be drawn from the cultivation of the soil and the pursuits of industry to swell the ranks of the standing armies and help to do the fighting or garrison duty required under such circumstances. It is really a wonder, with the example of this great Republic prospering and advancing, with only the skeleton of an army for its protection, that the peoples of Europe have remained so quiet under the burdensome exactions deemed necessary for the maintenance of these armed hosts.

The turning-point has at last been reached, however, and now the despots of the Old World are beginning to understand that the old barbaric ways will be no longer tolerated. The sword must be sheathed, and calm, temperate discussion must take the place of the cannon's roar and the crack of musketry. If this curious complication over Venezuela's boundary shall be settled by arbitration, as seems certain now, it will be a great triumph for civilization, and the result will be due as much to the sturdy common sense of the British nation as to the firmness displayed by our own Government and people. It required some moral courage and a degree of self-restraint for the statesmen of England to recede for the sake of peace, and credit must not be grudgedly given.

DECENCY IN DEBATE.

ASHBEL FITCH is the name of our City Comptroller, who talks like a statesman and a patriot. At a public dinner the other night he claimed for Alexander Hamilton, a New Yorker, the credit of putting into practical operation our present system of government. "One great Virginian led our armies (Washington), and another drafted the Declaration of Independence (Jefferson), but Hamilton, the student of King's College, the lawyer at the Bar, and the Cabinet officer of Washington," said Mr. Fitch in his pithy little speech, "made the great defense of our system of government and put it into practical operation here in our country." Mr. Fitch before taking his seat referred to the new Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Tillman, as "the insolent blackguard who the other day forgot the decencies of debate and of the ordinary rules of life in his attack upon the President of the United States, who is always, whatever his name and whatever his party, the President of our country."

No doubt there is altogether too much license in debate displayed in all our legislative bodies as well as in Congress, and this rebuke administered to Senator Tillman was rightly deserved. Our public men forget too easily what is due to the dignity of high office, and they should be restrained at least within the bounds of decency. It would have a very salutary effect to expel from the halls of Congress once in a while members who believe that they have a constitutional right to violate all the decencies of debate when they wish to attack the characters of officers who differ with them on points of public policy.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE.

THE scheme of the joint stock labor union, as the most practicable business solution of the industrial problem, has been advocated in these columns ever since the tragedy of Homestead. A formal statement of the plan is succinctly given in a small pamphlet issued from this office, which received the earnest consideration of leading delegates at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor held in this city. The pamphlet will be mailed to any labor organization, or to any individual interested, on receipt of address.

The following letter received during the past week shows that a move begun in this office the week previous is likely to bear fruit, in the better understanding of the subject treated, before the bluebirds whistle.

THE TRADE AND LABOR ASSEMBLY OF CHICAGO.

262 N. Carpenter St., Chicago, Feb. 22, 1896.
EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

DEAR SIR—Your circular and pamphlet relating to joint stock labor union received, and I assure you, after carefully reading, I am very much impressed with the idea; in fact, I consider it more than an idea; it is practical and sound, and I do not see but that with some earnest, energetic work it would appeal to the thousands of members of organized labor throughout

the country and eventually prove all you hope for it. The point is especially good where the proposition is made to do business with the general public, instead of confining our operations exclusively to our own ranks.

One great mistake has been that in all public enterprises we have taken up we have kept away from the public in general, and, while appealing to our brother-workers through the country—however successful the response may have been—the movement has necessarily been a class one. This point is avoided by the plans laid down in your pamphlet.

I firmly believe if taken in hand in the different industrial centres, and agricultural sections of the country, by the proper men, that it will be successful. The scheme is a large one, and far-reaching; but the necessity of something of this kind has long been generally accepted as a fact. The only plan in this line that has yet been tried is co-operation, and I have yet to hear of any success of that plan, as defined by the co-operative enthusiasts.

I am pleased to receive your letter and paper, and a plan of this kind being advocated in a publication of the standard of COLLIER'S WEEKLY is another step to enable us to meet a class of readers who do not read exclusive labor magazines, and I will try to present the same to our central organization at its next meeting. With best wishes I remain,

Yours fraternally,
WALTER M. GROVES,
Secretary Trade and Labor Assembly.

LET THE OTHER SIDE ALSO BE HEARD.

THE following communication is from an esteemed correspondent, and is given without comment, in pursuance of an established policy to always hear both sides, when temperately presented:

TO THE EDITOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

DEAR SIR—In your issue of February 13, 1896, you say among other things, in an article headed "Backward Cuba," that it must be apparent to all that the insurgents are not engaged in civilized warfare, that the question is a very serious one to us; and you ask, Should the United States grant belligerency under the circumstances?

I beg to differ with you in regard to the Cubans carrying on an uncivilized warfare and I think if that charge can be laid at the door of any nation that nation is Spain. For instance, while Maximo Gomez, Maceo, Rabi, Roloff and other Cuban leaders were capturing Spanish soldiers and releasing them on parole, how many did the Spanish leaders release likewise? Does the taking of thirty-one men from Morro Castle and shooting them in cold blood, without even a drumhead court-martial, show any semblance of civilization? Did Weyler's proclamation upon his arrival at Havana, wherein he says that any person suspected of sympathy with the insurgents shall be immediately shot without trial, look much like civilization? Did Campos's offer of a reward for the head of Marti tend to impress the masses with an idea that the Spaniards were conducting a civilized warfare in Cuba?

All of the above, Mr. Editor, I can vouch for as truth, as it appeared at different times in *La Discusion*, *La Lucha* and other papers of Havana, all of which have to be approved by Government officials before they can be circulated. As to the insurgents tearing up and destroying railroad property, has not that been done in warfare since railroads were invented, to prevent the movement of troops? Was it not done in our own Civil War? Has not Gomez warned civilians from traveling by rail? How would the insurgents cripple Spain's revenues if not by burning sugar cane and tobacco plantations? No plantations or other industries have been interfered with that complied with Gomez's commands and ceased working.

I think as Spain has nearly two hundred thousand troops on the island and sixty ships patrolling the coast against the insurgents sixty-five thousand troops and no ships, and the Spaniards being unable to prevent them from marching where and doing what they pleased, certainly shows that they have earned the right to belligerency. And taking into consideration our own principles of government and our forefathers' struggles for freedom, I think the Cubans have not only a right to ask for, but an inherent right from Almighty God to receive, recognition from this country. Yours ever

For Freedom and Equal Rights,
H. D. BOWNS.

The difficulty that confronts most inquiring minds in the Cuban question is the lack of a straightforward case made out, based on the insurgents' rights in Cuba, as opposed to those of Spain. THE WEEKLY is engaged in an attempt to get a clear statement of both sides. Until we can lay this before the public we have no right to take sides except to inquire as to the barbarities on both sides. Also to use our influence to keep the United States out of the trouble until we are sure where we will be at after we have taken sides for or against Spain. We cannot conceal our admiration for the sincere liberty-loving tone of Mr. Bowns's letter; but after all, the facts of the situation are what we need to know at this time.

ACCIDENTS often make dangerous surgical operations necessary to save life, but Albert McClatchey, a young carpenter, met with a dangerous accident in this city February 26 which saved him from a surgical operation. For some time, without his knowledge, there had been growing in his throat a tumor nearly three inches in length. He was at work in the elevator shaft of the building, at No. 394 Broadway, when the elevator car descended upon him. The floor of the car squeezed him against a temporary platform in the shaft until blood gushed from his mouth and nose. When the car was raised and he was extricated from the shaft an ambulance carried him to the hospital in Hudson

Street. His nose had been fractured, and there were some severe bruises on his head and face, but his injuries were found not to be serious. The surgeons at the hospital discovered, however, that he had been relieved of the tumorous growth in his throat by a paroxysm of coughing which followed the accident, and they declared that he had been saved from the necessity of undergoing a dangerous operation. When McClatchey was taken to his home at No. 401 West Forty-fifth Street he was inclined "to thank his lucky stars" that the elevator had caught him.

A PUBLIC man so prominent and so able and useful as ex-Representative Michael D. Harter of Mansfield, O., passing away as a victim of his own act, leaves no room for any other theory than that the act was committed during an interval of unqualified insanity. At the funeral services in Mansfield, February 26, workmen, business men, old and young, rich and poor—all Mansfield—testified that they had absolved the dead from all responsibility. In the St. Luke's Lutheran Church, of which he was one of the founders, the body lay in state for several hours; four thousand people passed in single file beside the casket, prominent citizens and those in humbler stations marching side by side in procession from the public square to the church. Among those at the church were ex-Governors Foster and McKinley. A dread of the grim specter that modern life too often brings into the life of the busy—a specter that beckons the weary nervous system to self-slaughter—is mingled in this case with a heartfelt sympathy for the dead and for those who sorrow after him.

WITHIN the present month this journal will begin a series of papers, to run through sixty-six weeks. They will be profusely illustrated, and written by master hands—writers who have earned their spurs in American journalism. These writers are the city editors of sixty-six leading newspapers in the United States and Canada. The articles will be the best specimens of the art narrative that the newspaper world of the Western Hemisphere can afford. The series will be the most brilliant ever published in this country. The papers will not be on subjects of abstract or theoretical interest. They will be the most interesting episodes, romances, strange and unaccountable mysteries of healthy human interest in all parts of the region covered. We have to thank the gentlemen of the press who have so promptly responded to the suggestion of this symposium.

In the United States Court at Philadelphia, February 26, in the case of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company against James A. L. Wilson and Henry D. Lesley, judgment was entered in favor of the plaintiff for \$1,296,390.54 for want of appearance. This announcement recalls the startling discoveries made in July, 1886, that the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company had been the victim of systematic swindling on the part of J. A. L. Wilson, the treasurer, and Henry D. Lesley, his predecessor in that office. The thefts represented an ingenious over-issue of the bonds of the company, amounting to about \$615,000, and also the abstraction of a large amount of cash by manipulation of the books. As soon as the discovery of the fraud was made known Wilson and Lesley fled to Brazil. They were brought back, and on pleas of guilty were sent to prison.

YONG KIU PAK, who has been Korean Charge d'Affairs in the United States for nearly two years, and sole representative of his Government at Washington during the last year, left Washington for home February 26, expecting to sail from San Francisco on March 5, and reach Seoul about the middle of April. Mr. Pak has been in this country since the beginning of the Chicago World's Fair, at which he was the Royal Commissioner of Korea, afterward studying at the University of Pennsylvania. He was one of the most popular members of the diplomatic corps in Washington and a great favorite at the White House. It is expected that he will return to this country in a few months as the guardian of the future King of Korea, the second son of the reigning monarch, who is to be educated in America.

ANENT the Bayard case, the minority report of the House Foreign Affairs Committee is to the effect that the censure on our Ambassador to Great Britain is not justifiable. The minority take the ground that our representatives abroad are under the direction and control of the Executive Department, and that a censure by Congress is likely to detract from the usefulness and dignity of our foreign service. Perhaps, after all, enough has been done, to let the matter drop for the present. Ambassador Bayard must know by this time that many of his fellow-citizens, including eminent public men, are not in a happy frame of mind over his remarks about the rest of us away from home, where he is supposed to hold up our end with the best of them.

IOWA has Allison for the Presidency; and if the tariff-silver deadlock holds out Governor Boies is expected to lead in a grand all-silver combination. The candidate that will win in 1896, however, is the one who stands for the American Idea, based on a bimetalism made possible by the prosperity that results from a protective tariff. Bimetalism went down when the

protective tariff was wiped out, and as a direct result of that disastrous bit of reactionism. Therefore the tariff and prosperity must be restored before silver can be rehabilitated. The silver Republicans want both silver and protection restored; but they must be restored one at a time—the prosperity-tariff first, silver and bimetalism as a direct result.

AT Davidson, N. C., February 26, the first successful experiment with the Roentgen process was conducted by Professor Henry Louis Smith of the Chair of Physics, Davidson College. The preliminary process was slightly gruesome. A bullet was fired into the hand of a dead negro in the dissecting-room of the medical department of the college. The photograph "found" the bullet, the X ray penetrating the flesh and the bone, and showing the ball hidden behind the bone of the middle finger. It would have been interesting to find the "ball" that some of these practitioners took into themselves after the performance. But then—science laughs at such small details as shooting a dead negro.

THE list of officers of the Grand Encampment, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the State of New York for the ensuing year was announced at the annual session of the Grand Encampment held in Troy, February 26, as follows: Grand patriarch, Franz F. Pfaff of New York; grand high priest, Edward C. Shafer of Buffalo; grand senior warden, Harry Walker of Brooklyn; grand scribe, John G. Deubert of New York; grand treasurer, D. H. Grundmann of New York; grand junior warden, William H. Mosher of Birmingham; grand representative, Jacob Dilcher of Buffalo. The encampment adjourned to meet next year at Corning.

REPRESENTATIVE KERR of Ohio has introduced a bill in the House providing for retaliatory duties against the products of all countries that impose discriminating restrictions against exports from this country. Foreign importations that may be affected by the provisions of this proposed act of Congress include silks and wines and even tea and coffee. The bill would be much more satisfactory if it took the shape of the constructive legislation represented by the reciprocity idea. Like all mere temporary and makeshift legislation, the Kerr Bill is likely to do as much harm as good.

THE proposed Raines liquor law is creating much excitement among all classes in this State. Senator Raines estimates that it will produce five million dollars for the support of the State. Under its provisions no keeper of an apartment hotel will be allowed to serve liquor to guests in their rooms; the Sunday closing question will not be submitted to a vote of the people in any city, and it is believed that about one-third of the saloons of the State will be closed. Petitions against it have been pouring into Albany; but the measure is at present likely to become a law.

LAST September William A. Wilson of Cambria, N. Y., owner of a large farm, was married to Miss Elizabeth Richardson of Molyneux Corners. The next day Wilson disappeared and has not since been heard from, and the bride of a day brings a suit for a bill of separation and alimony on the ground of abandonment. There is a story that the cause of Wilson's departure is on account of the treatment received from the neighbors who gave the newly wedded couple an old-fashioned chari vari.

AT the request of Mr. Baker, United States Minister at Managua, Nicaragua, Secretary Herbert has decided to send the United States ship "Alert" to Corinto for the protection of American interests. The "Alert" left San Jose, Guatemala, for Acapulco, Mexico, February 25, and cannot be communicated with until she arrives at the latter port, probably on the 28th. At Acapulco her commander will find a telegram from Secretary Herbert, directing him to proceed to Corinto without delay.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HARMON has submitted to Postmaster General Wilson a decision that the numerous bond and investment schemes throughout the country are lotteries, and as such are not entitled to the privileges of the United States Mail. These people will have to flee to the express companies, too, along with the publishers whose "popular" crime novels and worthless "magazines" cannot thrive without the one-cent postage rate.

FIVE THOUSAND garment workers went on strike at Baltimore last week, and the prospect was that as many more workpeople would be thrown out of employment in consequence. It is a fight for the recognition of organized labor, and both sides were confident of victory, at last accounts. They cannot both win, though.

PUGILISM and pugilists of all classes and degrees of tempestuousness will be knocked out by the Anti-Spar-ring Bill at Albany this week. Athletic clubs—"domestic incorporated athletic associations"—are excepted, which is a good idea.

A DISPATCH from Havana February 26 stated that eighteen peaceable citizens were put to death in cold blood by the Spanish soldiers after a victory over the insurgents near Punta Brava.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE REPUBLIC.

If it were an act of treachery, it would pass into history as the sole example of a happy and prosperous country and the rights of her good-natured and deserving people betrayed for the benefit of the stranger, by those who were sworn to be her defenders. It was not an act of treachery; but it was and is not less a crime against the Republic on that account. It has had the effect of enriching us not, by enriching our rivals abroad. The scene of industrial prosperity has been transferred from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and the rest to Berlin, Vienna, Birmingham, Liverpool and other European cities whose manufactured products have driven ours out of even our own home markets.

There is nothing else wrong with the United States at present, except this: the people are not regularly employed and wages are not what they used to be. From this condition flow all the other evils. The prosperity of the great buying masses of the people who work makes the prosperity of all other classes of our population, including, to some extent, their own. "When my people are employed," said the Czar of Russia, "I do not fear outbreaks." When the people of this country are not employed, nobody can prosper in business here. The wealth of this country is not in vested rights nor in great landed estates nor in convict mines nor in Government-aided shipping or commerce of the high seas. Our national wealth depends on the development of our new-found, almost untouched natural inheritance of mine, soil, forest, stream and seacoast; and in this work our own people must be kept employed.

Men rose up a few years since and laughed at these truths. We could not live apart from the rest of the world, they said. We had no right to shut out foreign products, if the foreigners could make them cheaper than we. We had to look forward, to gain the markets of the world, or we would be a backward nation. We had a grand work ahead of us, to get together a great merchant marine, which would take away the carrying trade of the world from England. Then we were told that a dangerous class of men were multiplying in this country—namely, the rich men. Millionaires were becoming a menace; the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer. All we needed to save off this menace was to bring in competition against these American millionaires—to make them poorer, too. For were not the poor men they employed growing poorer, all the time?

The reformers told us, "Wait, and we will show you an up-to-date fiscal policy." We have waited, and have seen this great phenomenon. As between the old ways of protection and bimetalism, and the new scheme, the people may well pause and ask, Which? That is, which of them have we chosen. Is it possible that the choice has fallen upon that rickety and patchwork structure, in which prosperity is to rest on bonds, tariff tinkering, free trade, sugar tax, bluster, war talk and false pretense? Yes; that was the choice. But it was a blunder. It was a deceiving and misleading of the people. It was a cruel and unjust and unholy conspiracy against the peace, happiness and rights of a people who—cannot be fooled all the time. It was a crime against the Republic.

But, perhaps, we do not see the full meaning of this criminal conspiracy; and not seeing it, the people may be deceived again. At the time the folly was consummated, these columns protested week after week against the destruction of the American system based on bimetalism and the protective tariff, in favor of the dear-money, cheap-product policy of Europe. Three years' time has added force to the protest. The issue is now distinctly announced, in a dispute between a silver Republican and a gold-standard Republican on the floor of the Senate—namely, that bimetalism and a protective tariff must stand or fall together. They went down together, to our undoing; and Europe is gainer from either and from both of them, while we lose. Protection and bimetalism, therefore, form the keystone of our national prosperity.

Notwithstanding that the Republican party has been



PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA.

partially restored to power in the nation, there is danger that this basic fact may be lost sight of. Instead of going hand in hand, as they have done since the close of the Civil War, the protective tariff and bimetalism threaten now to be pitted against each other to the ruin of both. The "free silver" Republicans in the Senate have, even now, temporarily shelved a partially Republican tariff measure intended to grant relief to the Treasury, because the Eastern and "sound money" Republicans refuse to consider their silver legislation. Unless there is a concession of minor differences on both sides the traditional American policy as a whole is in danger once more—if we lose this time, the crisis in the affairs of the Republic has indeed arrived.

A broader view of the situation is required in this emergency. Which of the two is more essential to the American system as a whole—protection or bimetalism? Suppose we let that pass, for the present, with the admission that they both are equally indispensable. Both the "silver" protectionist and the "sound money" protectionist can be brought to see that a protective tariff will assist in the restoration of prosperity. That prosperity will lead to a condition wherein this country can maintain bimetalism at home, because foreigners cannot question our coinage, while all our obligations are paid and the balance of trade is in our favor—as they were in 1892, for example.

Then if the protective tariff is first restored, gold-silver bimetalism, as opposed to both gold and silver monometallism, must come. It would seem that even gold-silver bimetalism—which is the simplest act of justice to this country—is absolutely impossible while Europe lords it over us, as a result of the crime of 1893, when both our industries and our monetary system were sacrificed in the interest of the foreigner. The protective tariff, then, must come first; bimetalism second.

The tariff bill recently shelved in the Senate is not so protective as might be desired; but any other more protective would be sure of the President's veto. But, in any case, it would be a beginning in the right direc-

tion. The crime of 1893 cannot be undone until the Republican party is in full power in the nation; but it must and can be undone. Even if the present tariff bill should pass and meet the President's veto, a good beginning would have been made. The friends of a protective tariff and bimetalism must get together. The hour of deliverance must not be allowed to pass without an earnest effort to get back the old days of prosperity.

FOR PERPETUAL ARBITRATION.

The subject for the intercollegiate debate between Yale and Harvard has been chosen. The question is, "Resolved, that a permanent court of arbitration should be established by the United States and Great Britain," and it will, of course, be promptly and decisively disposed of by these callow debaters. The settlement of a question of this kind at the hands of the average college youth is an easy matter.

BACKSHEESH.

As in England, urchins follow coaches and carriages along suburban and country roads, throwing "cart-wheels" and clamoring for coppers, so in South Africa, wherever the railroad goes through open country, crowds of swarthy little natives—clad in rags, or sometimes with no clothes on at all—wait by the side of the line for the passing trains, and shouting for backsheesh. The passengers throw out pennies for the pleasure of witnessing the excited scramble that takes place to secure the coveted coins.

A MORNING BATH.

The baby Polar bear, which has been presented to the Zoological Gardens, had many strange experiences while on his way to England on the S.S. "Victoria." One of these was his daily bath. With some difficulty the cub was secured by a rope, and was let down over



A MORNING BATH.

the side of the vessel into the sea, and there left to flounder about for a time. His bath over, he was hauled up on deck again.

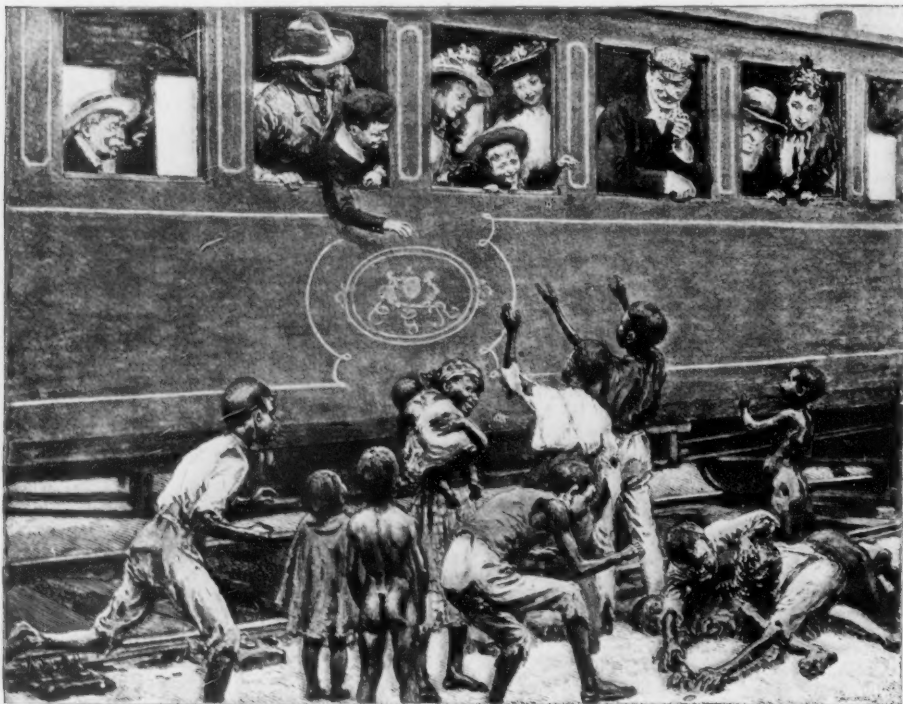
TO REFORM BELLEVUE.

The secret investigation by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in New York into the management of Bellevue Hospital has officially revealed a state of affairs that has long been known to many in an unofficial way. The shocking brutalities practiced by wardens, nurses and others on the unfortunate patients have been a standing disgrace to the city, and it is to be hoped that the investigation will work some reform. That reform is need there is no doubt. The condition of affairs in the hospital is such that sufferers in danger of being sent there have been known to express a preference for the morgue. The Warden alleges that the investigation is inspired by political motives. This may be so; but if the abuse is corrected it matters little what motive prompted the correction.

THERE IS NO HURRY.

The Senate resolution pronouncing in favor of Cuban belligerency has aroused the hot blood of Spain. Rioting took place Sunday, March 1, in Barcelona, in which the American consulate was attacked. The mob purchased a large American flag, dragged it through the streets and tore it to pieces amid cries of "Long Live Spain" and "Down with Americans." The Spanish Premier, Canovas del Castillo, said the Senate resolution does not amount to a casus belli, but that it is not the act of a friendly Power.

President Cleveland and his Cabinet held a hurried Sunday session when the news from Madrid arrived. Nobody could expect anything else from the hot blood of Spain under the circumstances; but the prospect of war is not immediate. The House and the President have to see that Senate resolution yet; and at this writing, it does not seem probable that the House will act on it for several days. Spain has plenty of time to cool off. So has the Senate and the rest of us. There is no hurry.



BACKSHEESH.—A SCENE ON THE CAPE GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

ARE WE IN IT AT LAST?

The United States Senate by a vote of 64 to 6 has pronounced in favor of according belligerent rights to the Cuban insurgents. There has been no action by the Senate for many years half so important or so likely to bring the United States prominently before the world. Compared with this vote of the Senate, the President's Venezuelan proclamation is merely a matter of discussion. If it shall be followed up, as expected, by the concurrence of the House and the President's approval, it will be practically a declaration of war against Spain.

In the issue of October 3, 1895, at the time when Campos outlined his plan to crush the rebellion, this journal took the ground that the extreme measures then promised by the General would not find us in a pleasant frame of mind as spectators. The article was as follows:

"The United States does not covet Cuba as a possession. The American policy is not one of territorial acquisition. We have vital and urgent matters to attend to nearer home. But every Government in the New World has a natural interest in the question whether Cuba shall be kept dependent upon Spain against her will. Every one of us has a perfect right to protest against her being kept so by the savage warfare that has been officially declared against her from Madrid. And we do so protest."

Senator Sherman in the Senate, February 28, spoke as follows:

"If Weyler carries out his projected plan there is not a country in this hemisphere which will not contribute to put an end to this violence. It has lasted long enough. That people ought to be allowed, in their own way, to form their own Government, to be as free as we are. Every Christian man, every man who believes in the civilization of the age, every American in this broad land hates tyranny and oppression, whether it come from a Governor or a tyrant."

Of course this is sound American doctrine, and we cannot recede from it, under any circumstances. The rights of Spain and the rights of the insurgents form, nevertheless, a subject that is far more wide in its application and bearing than any mere matter of how Spain goes about it to put down what she regards as a rebellion. For this reason we have chosen to await the facts of this great question, rather than to favor either Spain or the insurgents before the question of the right of possession of the island has been determined. The question ought to be adjudicated at once by a tribunal of arbitration, with the possible outcome of the independence of Cuba recognized by civilized Governments. But it is still a doubtful policy on our part to go it alone, with a practical declaration of war against Spain.

MR. WHITNEY, SILVER AND THE PRESIDENCY.

In a letter to the editor of the *Clarion Ledger* of Jackson, Miss., Hon. William C. Whitney has stated that he is not approving of or concurring in the movement to boom him as a Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket in November. Mr. Whitney denies that he is in favor of free silver coinage, as some of his Mississippi friends have given out. He is a believer in bimetallism, and sees in the near future an international agreement fixing the value of gold and silver as equal money factors in the exchanges of the world. Those who do not believe in this as the outcome of the gold-silver controversy, Mr. Whitney thinks, must be ignorant of the latest development of scientific thought

on the subject, and the rapid advance the scheme of international bimetallism has made in quarters where heretofore it has had little support.

Any action on our part, however, to try to go it alone with silver would only hinder the final solution of the problem, according to Mr. Whitney.

All of which is sound and timely and shows the writer to be in the class of progressive up-to-date students of finance. The latter part of Mr. Whitney's silver-gold theory can be judiciously amended by the addition of one plain simple proposition. If prosperity is restored in this country, so that balances of trade will be in our favor, Europe will have no occasion to question our coinage; and therefore prosperity restored is an essential condition precedent to the international agreement hoped for. The question is, Can the prosperity of 1892 be brought back by the re-establishment of the American or protective system?

HONORING REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

The Executive Committee of the Maryland Memorial Committee met last week in Brooklyn to select a design for a memorial tablet to be placed on the old Cortelyou house which stands within a few feet of the place where two hundred and fifty Maryland soldiers were killed in the battle of Long Island during the War of the Revolution. The plate will be four and one-half feet long and three and one-half feet wide, and the design will show the struggle between the American and British troops on that spot. The inscription is:

THE SITE
of the
OLD CORTELYOU HOUSE
on the
BATTLEFIELD OF LONG ISLAND.

Here, on the 27th of August, 1776, two hundred and fifty out of four hundred brave Maryland soldiers, under the command of General Stirling, were killed in combat with British Troops under Lord Cornwallis.

This inscription is surrounded by appropriate emblems, and at the top of the tablet and worked into the border are the arms of the city of Brooklyn. At the bottom, also in the border, are the names of the members of the committee. A bronze plate will be placed in the sidewalk containing the inscription on the tablet and the following words:

Burial place of ye 250 Maryland soldiers, who fell in ye combat at ye Cortelyou House, in ye battle of Long Island, on ye 27th day of August, 1776.

THE WAR STILL ON.

The strife that has divided the Salvation Army and the Booth family shows no sign of abatement and the breach seems to be widening rather than healing. The latest development of the quarrel is a threatened libel suit by ex-Commander Ballington Booth and his brother Bramwell Booth. Commissioner Eva Booth, who has assumed command of the American Army, seems to have won the respect and confidence of the officers and

they nearly all abandoned the former commander for his successor. The rank and file, however, are inclined to stand by their old leader and have taken to wearing Ballington Booth badges and holding street meetings without the presence of their officers. The outcome of this interesting struggle is awaited with interest.

STATE ASYLUMS NOW.

Last Friday the State of New York formally assumed control of the insane asylums which had previously been under the jurisdiction of the city of New York. The bill providing for this transfer became a law January 28 and was to go into effect thirty days later. The Attorney-General and the Corporation Counsel agreed that the time expired at midnight Thursday, and the institutions were formally transferred to the new Board of Managers.

A TEN YEARS' CHASE.

A sensational incident is reported from Ibarra, Mexico. Juan P. Vertuga, a merchant highly esteemed in that community, has been arrested for alleged complicity in a bank robbery in Spain ten years ago. It is said that he escaped to America with forty thousand dollars of the booty. He was traced to New York and thence to the Western States and Mexico. The case is quite sensational in many of its features and has considerably stirred up the little community of Ibarra.

THE ENGLISH BRIEF ON VENEZUELA.

Ambassador Bayard has received, in strict confidence, a copy of the English argument on the Venezuela trouble. It was prepared by Sir Frederick Pollock, Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford University. The document has been mailed to the State Department, and will be considered by the Venezuelan Commission in the course of its deliberations.

There is a prevailing impression that college professors are as a body opposed to our claim of the validity of the Monroe Doctrine; that, in fact, if we go by international law alone, we must give up the claim. This impression is probably erroneous. Sir Frederick Pollock may find that the necessities of nations may demand and justify such a formula as the Monroe Doctrine for the Western Hemisphere, just as they do the Balance of Power idea for the Old World. The argument of the distinguished Oxford jurist will be awaited with interest.

PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria seems very near the goal of his ambition—official recognition. His "cruel sacrifice to the Fatherland," in the shape of Prince Boris's "conversion," has not been made in vain, judging from the gracious attitude of long-stranded Russia. The Czar sends a special representative to the little Prince's baptism, and promises to establish a Russian Agent at Sofia, while it is fairly certain that Russia will no longer oppose the Prince's recognition as Bulgarian ruler. Nor are other Powers likely to be more obdurate. Meanwhile the Bulgarians are jubilant; a large sum of money is to be spent over ceremonies of Prince Boris's reception into the Orthodox Church, and his subjects hope that Prince Ferdinand himself may be coaxed into the fold in time. Certainly his own Church repudiates him; for, although no formal excommunication is pronounced, the Roman Catholic Churches in Bulgaria are forbidden to pray for their Prince or to give him the sacraments. Princess Marie Louise has also retired to her family for a time.



THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT—A MEETING OF THE KHEDEVE AND HIS COUNCIL.—(See page 7.)

PUBLIC OPINION

A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

LONDON *Truth* indulges in some caustic comment on the recent "conversion" of Prince Boris, the three-year-old son of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, from the Roman Catholic Church to the Greek Church. The young princeling seems to have been much agitated of late in the effort to settle his doubts on the fine doctrinal distinctions between the two creeds, but has apparently at last reached a decision in the matter. Says *Truth*:

"If anything could bring religion into ridicule and contempt, it is a conversion of this description. But the minor German royalties have always been ready to believe anything in the matter of religion which may serve their temporal interests. In some German royal families the daughters are taught the dogmas of every religious sect, in order that they may with a perfect indifference of judgment be ready to adopt those of the sect to which any royalty worth marrying belongs. What a crew! The conduct of Prince Ferdinand seems all the more exceptionally contemptible as on his marriage he gave a solemn pledge that the issue should be brought up as Roman Catholics."

The *Spectator* speaks in the same contemptuous strain on this remarkable change of heart. It severely censures the breach of faith toward the Princess and throws ridicule on the reason assigned for the action. It says: "The reason assigned is the desire of the people, but as the people have elected two heretic Princes, their desire can hardly be very keen. The true reason, of course, is the Prince's passionate desire to be recognized by Europe, and especially by Russia, as a legitimate sovereign, a desire in which he will apparently be gratified, as the Czar has agreed to be sponsor for the child at the ceremony of confirmation. The whole business is a very bad one; the real outrage, however, being not either to the Prince's conscience or to his son's soul, but to the mother's position. That parents may dictate a child's faith seems to follow from the impossibility of preventing it; but the right, if it be a 'natural' one, must belong to them both, especially after a pre-nuptial agreement to that effect."

IS OUR HUMOR HUMOROUS?

An Englishman's view of American humor is always interesting, even when, like Mr. Zangwill in the *Fall Mall Magazine*, he belittles it and ridicules it. In view of his extraordinary estimate of the product mentioned the title of his department—"Without Prejudice"—seems sadly inconsistent. But perhaps I am wronging him—perhaps it is his obtuseness and not his prejudice which dulls his sense of humor. Indeed, he almost admits it when he says: "Another stock joke is the Englishman's imperviousness to the joke—which is perhaps why I can't see it."

The most amusing statement he makes concerning our humor, however, is the following: "The most striking feature of the American humorist is his sameness; he serves up daily the same old jokes, and his merit chiefly consists in his inexhaustible ingenuity in dressing them up afresh. England, according to Voltaire, has many religions, but only one sauce. America has only one joke, but many sauces. This one joke is the tenacity of the young man's attentions to the daughter of the reluctant father. England has several leading jokes—all equally frequent and equally unamusing—the masher, the mother-in-law and the endless epic of the latchkey. But as for America's leading joke it is eclipse first and the rest nowhere." To properly appreciate the humor of this diatribe—the unconscious humor, mind you, for Mr. Zangwill is an Englishman—you must keep his nationality in mind.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR FRANCE.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* seems to think there is something lacking in the present French crisis. It claims that it "will not be properly rounded out until the Duke of Orleans shall move in solemn procession to Dover to await the call of France" and Prince Victor shall mount a caparisoned steed and ride into the range of a camera. These have been the usual concomitants of recent French Ministerial crises and they have measurably served to bring them to a good-natured close. It steadies the spirit of France when it is brought to contemplate the sort of Government that either of the two frisky young boulevardiers would give it in place of the Republic, which, in three years after the war indemnity had been paid, enjoyed a better credit than Germany had in the markets of the world, and which is to-day one of the greatest of naval and military powers.

HARDY'S LATEST NOVEL.

Life has come forward with a defense of Thomas Hardy's latest novel, "Jude, the Obscure," and thinks that "Jude's great and only crime was in not being born somewhere along the Connecticut River, instead of in the worn-out civilization of Wessex." Had that been the case, it says, his lot would have been far different. Jude struggling against adverse circumstances to acquire an education would be the pride of his fellow-townsmen, the only danger being that his path would be made too easy for him.

Speaking critically of the work *Life* says: "At the risk of being accused of catholic ray criticism—which fails to see through things as clear as glass, but sees the invisible on the other side of a stone wall—one may venture on the assertion that the morality of the book is its most conspicuous feature. It would be hard to find outside of a Greek tragedy a more terrible example

of cause and effect than the fate that overtakes Jude and all that he most adores. No man ever stepped aside from rectitude to be so relentlessly pursued by the gods of vengeance. When you have finished the book you feel that you have been reading the lives of people who have discovered that the Mosaic law is a very real thing; that sin is inevitably followed by punishment and that it is often out of all proportion to the apparent transgression. Mr. Hardy distinctly disclaims that he is preaching a sermon. He gives you his impression of a series of events, and you preach your own sermon."

LET THE WORKINGMAN SHAKE.

Harry Franklin, who conducts the labor department of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, holds that the workingman is as much entitled to some of the benefits derived from machinery as his employer. He says in a recent issue: "Labor has advanced, but, as fleet-footed as it has shown itself to be, machinery, its greatest competitor, will distance it before 1900 unless measures are taken to adjust the hours of labor and rate of wages to the increased productive capacity of labor-saving machinery. Workingmen are entitled to some of the benefits derived from machine work as well as the capitalist."

CUI BONO?

Mr. James Pavv, in his "Note Book" in the *Illustrated London News*, indulges in some playful banter over a recent move on the part of the French Government. He says: "The French Government have appointed a commission to find out how the ancient Greeks pronounced their own language. All that is certainly known about it is that the modern Greeks pronounce it quite differently, as is proved by the accents in their forefathers' verses. This does not seem much to go upon. Where the witnesses are to come from, unless the spiritualists can do something for the committee and will produce from Hades a few classical conversationalists, it is impossible to say. If the phonograph had been discovered in ancient times the speeches of eminent personages would, as now, no doubt have been preserved, and we should for sixpence have heard Demosthenes in Oxford Street; but now we never can hear him, so what is the use of speculating about his accent? Moreover—if it is not rank blasphemy to say so—what does it matter?"

IS IT TO BE "TILLMAN'S INFERNO"?

The New York *Recorder* states that "the rumor that Tillman expects to rival the late Signor Dante with a new Inferno is premature. His visit to Wall Street sprang from personal curiosity more than literary ambition."

THE NEW METHOD.

"Modern prize-fighting," says the Baltimore *American*, "means one minute of fight to four or five years of talk."

HAS HIS OWN TROUBLES.

The New York *Press* has this to say in regard to Messrs. Cleveland and Carlisle: "A contemporary refers to Secretary Carlisle as the political legatee of President Cleveland. It would seem that Mr. Carlisle had troubles enough of his own making."

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF CECIL RHODES.

It may interest our readers to know just what manner of man the dictator of the South Africa Chartered Company is, as viewed by British eyes. The *Saturday Review* describes him as follows: "Cecil Rhodes is a strong man, of that kind that is never finished by a single stroke. And he is strong with the strength of a coarse, ruthless, greedy egotism, the strokes of whose piston-rod force the minds and the money of weaker men into its reservoir. As he was at Oriel twenty years ago, so he is at Cape Town to-day—lonely, self-absorbed, irritable and not to be relied upon. He hates women, whom he regards as unnecessary impedimenta in the campaign, and he has no idea of friendship; he only recognizes instruments to be used and enemies to be dealt with. Success accentuated his defects to the point of disease, and made him so irritable, so self-absorbed and so insolent that none but parasites could live with him."

CANADA'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The Manitoba *Free Press* announces that General Gascoigne, commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia, has been requested to supply to the British War Office a confidential report on the Dominion's defenses and forces, and adds: "This seems to indicate that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of Imperial federation will not ignore responsibility for the Empire's protection, if the colonies are accorded equal partnership."

A GREAT LAND TANGLE.

United States District Attorney Sawyer of Omaha, now in Washington, wired his deputy, Mr. Rush, in the former city, to go to St. Louis, to secure an order from Judge Caldwell of the Federal Court of Appeals, permitting a suit to be brought against United States Receivers in the land patent cases. The Union Pacific Railroad Company is one of the defendants in the suit; as is the American Loan and Trust Company, which is the trustee for bonds of the Omaha and Republican Valley Road. There are about nine hundred defendants enumerated in the petition, which will be filed in the United States Court March 2.

The lands affected in the suit are those filed upon within the territory of the Union Pacific land grant prior to the filing by the company of the map of its line of road, and afterward surrendered or abandoned. Every alternate section for twenty miles on either side of the right-of-way of the road was given to the company, except where such land had been filed upon by settlers by virtue of the Homestead or Pre-emption laws, previous to the company's filing the map of its

route in the Interior Department. In many cases these rights had been taken by the settler, and for some reason he had refused to take the land issued, or after living on it a while had abandoned it. On the maps in the Land Department these tracts were all shown as having been taken, but the Union Pacific Company, finding that the land had never been held, included it in its grant and afterward sold it.



WITH no flourish of trumpets or noise of cymbals to herald her approach, with no blatant press agent to thrust his fulsome eulogies under our eyes and insidiously warp our judgment, with none of the signs and tokens with which we have become accustomed to associate the coming of a theatrical luminary, a quiet, unobtrusive little woman has stepped for the second time on our local stage to renew her triumphs of two years ago. But quiet and undemonstrative as was her coming, the welcome accorded to Madame Duse was none the less hearty and sincere. The degree of enthusiasm that this demure little woman with the sad expression and downcast eyes seems to kindle almost spontaneously in her auditors, is wonderful. The applause that greeted her was warm with the warmth of a hearty friendly greeting.

There is a most inexplicable charm—a singular fascination about this wonderful woman that holds the spectator spellbound, from the moment of her first appearance until her final exit. Her very presence is felt before she says a word, and when she speaks the charm is intensified by the music of her melting voice. Every movement is full of grace, every change in her expressive face is pregnant with meaning; and, strange to relate, her performance is absolutely free from those innumerable tricks and schemes for throwing the star into prominence which generations of theatrical ingenuity have devised. Her playing is the acme of artistic realism. She does not play Santuzza—she is Santuzza, or Mirandolina or Marguerite Gautier, as the case may be. She completely sinks her own personality in the part she plays—there is no trace of Eleanor Duse in her portrayal.

For deep pathos and tragic fire I have seen nothing to equal her Santuzza in Veiga's brief but intense chapter from Italian peasant life, "Cavalleria Rusticana." From her undemonstrative entrance among a group of peasant girls, with her face covered with her kerchief, until her exit after her final outburst of grief and shame and rage I could not take my eyes from her. The utter desolation with which she confessed to Turridu's mother her love for that rustic coxcomb and its disastrous results to her, was pitiful to see. Her interview with Turridu was equally irresistible. By turns she argued, pleaded, supplicated, coaxed, threatened—her face reflecting the varying emotions with a vividness that rendered words almost superfluous. Her denunciation of him to Alfio and her final exit were thrilling.

In startling contrast to her Santuzza is her Mirandolina in "La Locandiera." It is hardly possible to imagine them to be the same woman. But here again is found that wonderful fascination, and you are charmed as much by the sprightly grace and infectious merriment of the one as by the tragic misery and hopeless despair of the other. And throughout it all there is the thorough identification with the part, the utter obliteration of self, that makes the seeming almost real.

The "critics" have expended much ink and much cheap wit in ridiculing Signora Duse's support, but I must say I found it—at least the men—very acceptable. Several of them, indeed, were very good, notably Signor Rosaspina in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Signor Bonivento in "La Locandiera," and Signor Mazzanti in both. I would suggest that Signor Capelli sacrifice his mustache for the sake of the latter piece. A masked mustache should be tolerated nowhere, except, perhaps, in an amateur performance.

It is a long cry from Santuzza and Marguerite Gautier to Chimmie Fadden, and from Eleanor Duse to Charles Hopper and Marie Bates, but even the brilliancy of the visiting star should not blind us to the merits of two such clever performers. Hence we cannot but note with pleasure the prosperity indicated by the prolonging of their stay in New York. Crowded houses are greeting Chimmie in his new field of operations, the Standard Theatre, and he deserves the success.

In spite of much adverse "criticism" I thought the play showed rather clever handling of a difficult subject, for despite the charm and originality of the book it did not lend itself readily to dramatization. Mr. Hopper was good as Chimmie, although he did not fulfill my ideal of Mr. Townsend's hero. Mr. Nash and Mrs. Denham-Rouse are worthy of note also, but the most artistic performance in the piece was Miss Bates's Mrs. Murphy.

John Drew is another who finds it profitable to prolong his stay in the metropolis, and his moved from Palmer's to the Garrick Theatre. This playhouse furnishes an elegant setting for "The Squire of Dames," Sydney Rosenfeld produced his version of "The Two Escutcheons" at the Garden Theatre last week and made a speech. He couldn't let an opportunity to talk pass even though the call to which he responded was intended for the actors. It is rumored that "Burmah" is to be taken off the boards at the American, although no reason for such action is known. "Marriage" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" remain the attractions at the Empire and Lyceum Theatres, respectively.

COMUS.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. KURTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

RE-UNION THROUGH SAINTED MEMORIES

It was only natural that organizations for the purpose of preserving the memories and celebrating the achievements of the late war should have been slower in developing in the South than in the North. The delay indicated no lack of loyalty on the part of the defeated Confederates to the sentiments which had prompted them during the existence of the Southern Republic, but to the simple fact that there were other and more important things for them to do. Their scarred battle-grounds were to be reconverted into fertile fields, and their ruined homes to be rebuilt. There were wounds to be healed, debts to be paid, and mouths to be fed before they could stop to consider what was due to the memory of their short-lived Government.

To-day, however, the South is a new and different country. She has her commerce, her manufactures and her well-tilled fields, and she has time to look back upon and do honor to the memories she cherished.

Several years ago the Confederate veterans of the Civil War united themselves into a body fifty thousand strong, which resembles in purpose and form of organization the Grand Army of the Republic; of this organization General John B. Gordon, three times Governor and twice Senator of Georgia, is commander-in-chief. Shortly after this the Society of Confederate Veterans was formed, and next came the Order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which is at present occupying a considerable share of public attention in the South, in connection with the opening of the Jefferson Davis Museum at Richmond on the 22d of February. The objects of this Association are memorial, educational, literary, social and benevolent. Its first purpose is to collect and preserve the materials for a truthful history of the war between the States and to record the part played by Southern women during and immediately after the struggle. Their second purpose is to perpetuate the memory of those who fought and fell for the Confederacy and also to discharge the sacred duties of charity to such survivors as are dependent upon them. Incidentally, they propose to see that only impartial histories are taught in the schools of the South, and to prepare homes for the impoverished men and women who were associated with the Confederate cause.

The organization is not an old one. It held its second annual session in Atlanta, Ga., last November, on which occasion Mrs. Caroline Merriweather Goodlett of Nashville was the retiring, and Mrs. John C. Brown of the same city, the incoming president. For years past, however, there has been a growing sentiment among the women of the South calling for such a society. The first active steps for forming a Society of the Daughters of the Confederacy were taken in Virginia something over three years ago when a few women of the old regime banded themselves together under that title. Their example was immediately followed in several other States. Mrs. C. M. Goodlett of Nashville was the first to propose a united society which would bring all of the State organizations under one general head and render their action more concerted and the results of a more definite nature. This united order was established in May, 1894. It held its second meeting on the 9th of November, 1895, and will in the future hold annual conventions on the second Wednesday in November. At present the association numbers over thirty chapters spread broadcast over Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and the District of Columbia. These chapters are arranged into State divisions which are presided over by State presidents. The State divisions hold annual meetings on the 19th of January, the anniversary of Robert E. Lee's birth. New chapters are being formed daily, for the constitution has been constructed on so broad a basis that almost every woman in the South is eligible to membership.

To be admitted into the society the applicant may be either mother, widow, wife, daughter, sister, niece or of any lineal descent of a man who served honorably in the Confederate Army, Navy or civil service, or of such persons as gave material aid to the cause. Women are likewise eligible who themselves gave personal service to the Confederate Army; and so also are their descendants.

The present officers of the United Society are: Mrs. John C. Brown, Nashville, Tenn., president; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah, Ga., vice-president; Mrs. Isabelle M. Clarke, Nashville, Tenn., and Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., recording and corresponding secretaries; Mrs. Lottie Preston Clarke, Lynchburg, Va., treasurer.

It is an interesting fact that a large portion of the memorial work that has been done in the society in the past has been accomplished through the efforts of the women. They likewise have been the first to take active steps toward establishing the Confederate museums for which there is at present a daily increasing demand. The "Confederate Hall" at the late Cotton States and International Exposition held at Atlanta, in which an interesting collection of war relics was displayed, was erected and conducted by the Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy under the leadership of Mrs. C. Helen Plaine, State president of the order, and one of the most brilliant women interested in the movement. The Confederate Museum at Richmond, which is to occupy the house used by Jefferson Davis during the Confederacy, has also been instituted by women under the leadership of Mrs. John Began of Richmond. The museum was opened on the 22d of February, the anniversary of the day upon which Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederate States of America. The women of the Memorial Association, all of whom are daughters of the Confederacy, have already discharged the full expense which attended the converting of this well-nigh ruined building into a fire-proof structure, such as the relics of the Confederacy

could be committed to with safety. Among other things the museum will contain the original Constitution of the Confederate States which belongs to Mrs. De Renne of Georgia, who purchased it just after the war at a price she would never confess even to her own family.

The rank and file of the Daughters of the Confederacy shows the names of many women whose patriotism and deeds of daring during the great conflict are household traditions in the South—women who wove and spun to keep the freezing army clothed, and baked and brewed to keep it fed. Mrs. Virginia Clay CLOPTON is one of the famous women of the order. As Mrs. Clem Clay during the war she was one of the beauties of the South, and the bride of a gallant young soldier who was finally imprisoned with Jefferson Davis. The story of her journey to Washington and her interview with President Johnson, which resulted in her husband being released, is among the most thrilling and romantic traditions of the war.

Mrs. Burton Smith, formerly the beautiful Fanny Gordon, who, while her father, General John B. Gordon, was serving his second term as Governor of Georgia, was married to the gifted young brother of the now Secretary of the Interior, will as her father's daughter, as well as in her own person, naturally prove one of the leaders of the Georgia division. Mrs. Kate Cabell Curry, the daughter of General Curry of Texas, is president of that State division. Mrs. Sarah Grant Jackson of Atlanta, Ga., one of the wealthiest, most gifted and most beautiful young women of the South, is another of the coming workers of the order. And there are many others, notably Mrs. Lottie Preston Clarke of Lynchburg, Va., president of the Virginia division; Mrs. Robert Parks of Macon, an enthusiastic worker; Mrs. E. H. Paslev, president of the North Carolina division, and Mrs. Louise McC. Smythe, president of the South Carolina division.

The badge worn by the Daughters of the Confederacy consists of a representation of the Confederate flag in white, blue and scarlet enamel surrounded by a laurel wreath with the monogram "D. C." under the flag and the dates "61-65" on bow loops. The seal of the order is a reproduction of the seal of the Confederate States of America, with the inscription "Daughters of the Confederacy" on the outer rim.

CORINNE STOCKER.

PARABLES OF THE PERIOD.

HOW SPAIN IGNORED A CHALLENGE.

THE great Alabama Senator had talked himself hoarse upon the floor of the United States Senate. The subject of his impassioned speech had been, as usual, our international relations with the Cuban insurgents and with Spain. He had depicted in glowing language, and with all the imaginative powers with which he is so rarely gifted, the awful consequences of our policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the Pearl of the Antilles.

"For an entire week," he thundered, in tones of portentous prophecy, "the Cuban patriots, discouraged at the inexplicable delay of the United States in acceding them belligerent rights, have not looted a town or burned a sugar plantation. They are beginning to fear that this country has ceased to sympathize with their cause, and that after all their sacrifices of other people's property they are as far as ever from acquiring any of their own. Are we to desert them in this hour of darkness and depression, and perhaps witness the restoration of the barbarous system of sugar-cane grinding and wage-earning in the island of Cuba? Are the faint-hearted and unpatriotic non-combatant masses of Cubans who shut their ears to the tocsin of liberty, and prefer to work all day and sleep all night in the assurance that the roof will not be burned over their heads before morning, to be permitted to block the path to reform? Perish the thought!—even as the greater part of the sugar-cane crop has already perished before the patriot torches of Maceo and Gomez. What is sugar, Mr. President, in comparison to the sacred right of all men to be free? Were the question one of soap, which all of us in public life know to be so necessary to the successful prosecution of political campaigns, it might, indeed, be another story. But alas! it is not a question of soap, nor are we concerned, in this instance, with the prosaic details of a domestic election. Having had the temerity to raise cane, the sordid planters of Cuba, in the expectation of profit, are threatening to grind it into sugar! Sweet is liberty to the patriot heart, but I blush to have to say that, to these renegade planters and their emaculated minions who propose to earn a living harvesting it, sugar is a vast deal sweeter. Let them hang calfskins on their recalcitrant limbs—indeed, if the patriot bands of Maceo and Gomez receive from us but half the encouragement they merit, there will soon be nothing else left in Cuba for anybody to wear."

The great Alabama Senator paused, breathless, in the high tide of his fiery denunciation. The Senate seemed spellbound, and the orator drew from his pocket a sheaf of newspaper clippings, which he rapidly told over as one might do with a roll of bank bills. But far higher thoughts than those which engross the mechanical teller of money possessed his mind. He finally selected a particular clipping, and, holding it in his hand, prepared to address the assemblage once more.

"The Cuban patriot leaders, despite the demoralizing conditions inevitably attendant upon a state of war, have shown themselves capable of the noblest charity. Here is a dispatch, published broadcast in the newspapers of the United States, which deserves to be

inscribed on the pedestal of the monument posterity will raise to the martyrs in Cuba's cause. It tells how four hundred patriot soldiers overwhelmed the Spanish garrison of Sabanailla—numbering fifty men—and hoisted the flag of freedom. Doubtless local enthusiasm over the event would have been more spontaneous but that the townspeople were starving, a condition to which they had been reduced by the closing down of work on the plantations and the burning of the sugar cane. That sad duty had devolved upon the patriot army, and, in violence to their own feelings, they had performed it as thoroughly as usual. Seeing the hungry multitude, the patriot leader's heart was touched. And—you will say—he opened his purse-strings? No, Mr. President, he did not. His charity was even more practical. He turned to the craven storekeepers of the town, who had closed up their shops, and said: 'Hucksters and money-changers, deaf alike to your country's call and the voice of distress, throw open your stores and feed these people.' Alas! the base commercial spirit had so warped their finer feelings that they contemptuously replied: 'Why should we? You rebels have caused all this distress. Before you broke out the people had work and money. Will you pay us?'

"The patriot leader saw that with such men as these argument would be thrown away. So he gave them five minutes in which to obey his order. The effect of his determination was magical—at the end of the five minutes but one storekeeper remained obdurate, and the patriot leader, feeling that a severe example was needed, had the traitor shot. What a subject, Mr. President, was here for the inspired brush of the painter! What an immortal canvas it would make—'The Simultaneous Triumph of Generosity and Justice!'

"Mr. President, I have nearly finished. But before I resume my seat let me ask if this Republic proposes to have history record that she stood idly by while humble individuals—great only in their high purpose—took incalculable risks in the interests of Cuban independence? Let us consider with due weight and seriousness how the intrepid Gomez, while not a Cuban at all, forsook the delights of a life of peace in Dominica, his native land, to apply the torch to the cane fields and homes of Cuba, and to enter upon an infinitely laborious and fatiguing course of sprinting along mountainous defiles and across interminable expanses of plain and valley in order to avoid violent collisions, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Patriot Army of Cuba, with the Spanish hirelings of Alfonso. Let us ponder with due gravity over the fact that another heroic enthusiast, in his excusable haste to assist in the emancipation of Cuba, came from a region far off as Russian Poland, utterly regardless of cost and consequences. I allude, Mr. President, to the patriot leader Roloff. Even his northern blood was stirred; and shall we, so much nearer the equator, draw the line at simple indorsement of these patriots?"

"Will the Senate—will the country—respond to my words? Or—felicitous suggestion!—will Spain, incensed at my words, declare war against the United States?"

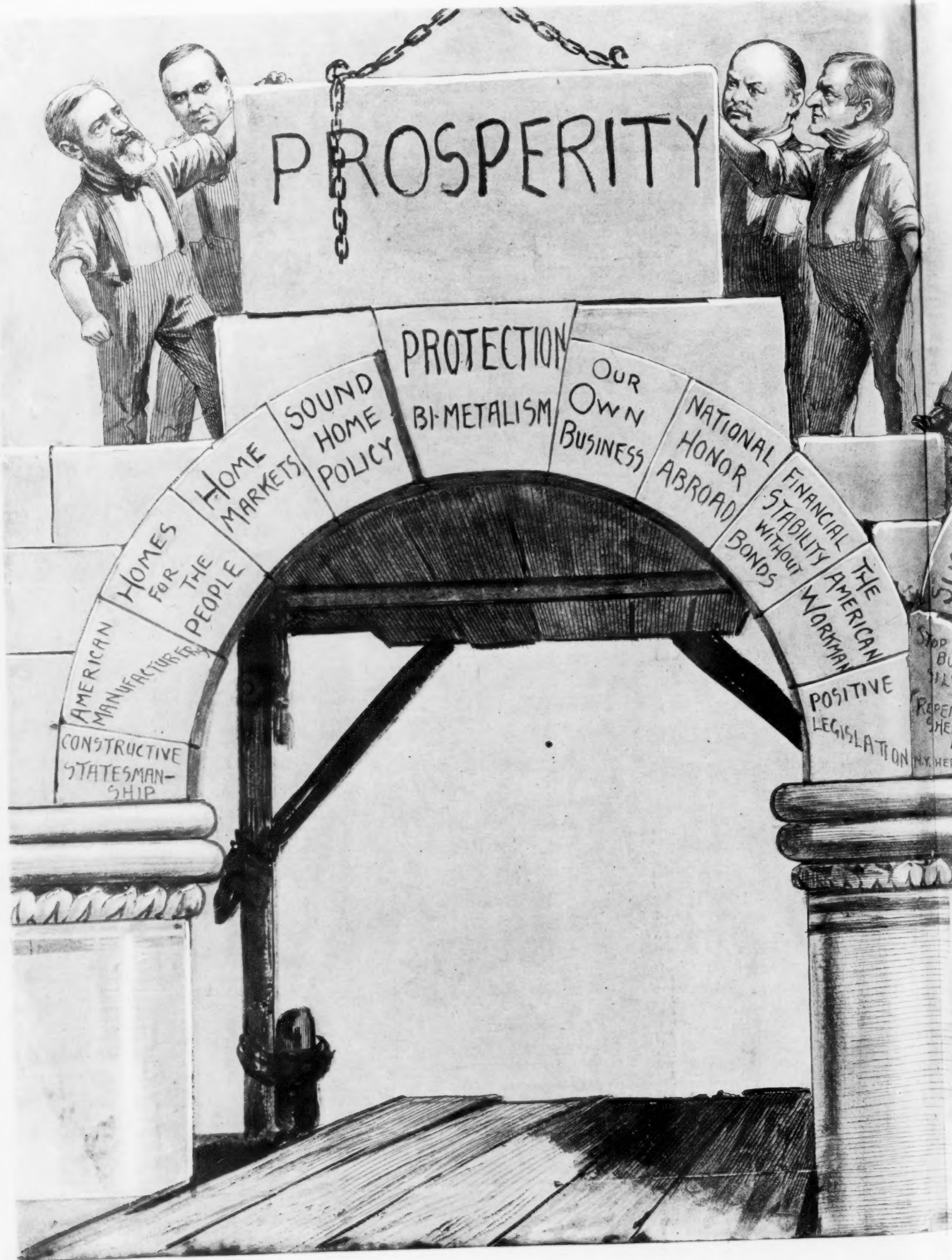
Dead silence succeeded the Senator's impressive speech, and, strange to relate, up to the date of this writing it had not been broken, even by Spain.

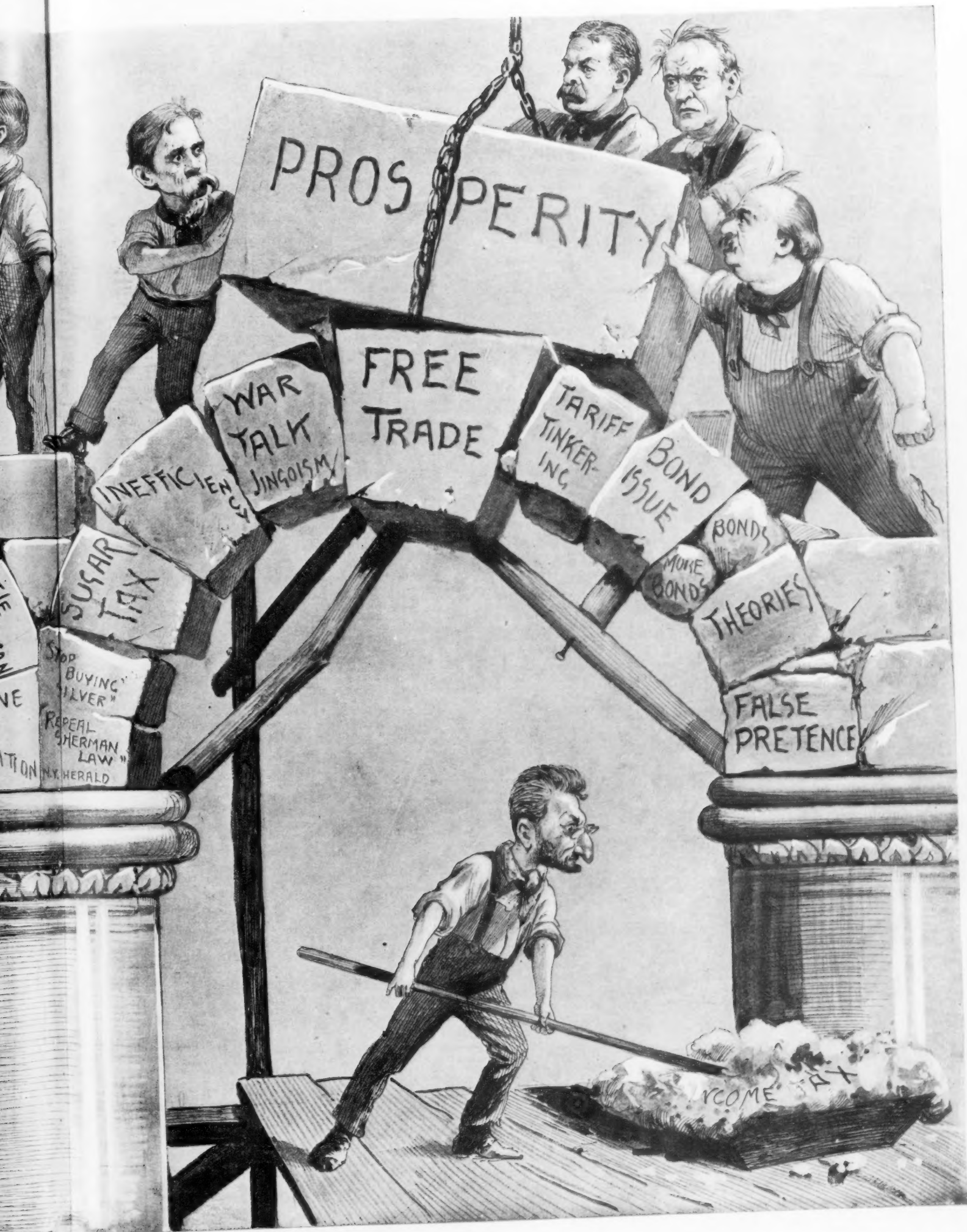
EGYPT AND HER RULERS.

THE administration of Egypt is carried on by the Ministers of the Council, of whom we give an illustration. Their administration is subject to the ruling of the Khedive, who in matters of vital importance consults the English Minister Plenipotentiary, Lord Cromer.

Among the Englishmen whom the Khedive consults are Sir Elwin Palmer on finance, Sir John Scott on judicial matters, Mr. J. L. Gorst on internal affairs, General Sir Herbert Kitchener Pasha on the army, and Mr. Caillard, C.M.G., on matters relating to the customs. From 1879 to 1883 two Controllers-General, appointed by France and England, had considerable powers in the direction of the affairs of the country, under a Khedival Decree of November 10, 1879. In the summer of 1882, in consequence of a military rebellion, England intervened, subdued the rising and restored the authority of Khedive. In this intervention England was not joined by France, and as a result the Khedive signed a decree abolishing the joint control of England and France. This was in 1883. In the place of the Control, the Khedive, on the recommendation of England, appointed an English financial adviser, without whose concurrence no financial decision can be taken. The financial adviser sits in the Council of Ministers, but he is not an executive officer. The Egyptian Ministry is composed of six members—the President, who is Minister of the Interior and Instruction; and the Ministers of Finance, Justice, War, Public Works, and Foreign Affairs. In addition to the Council there are the Legislative Council, the General Assembly and the Provincial Boards.

The ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha, who died at Constantinople March 2, 1895, was born at Cairo on the last day of 1830. He was the second son of Ibrahim Pasha and grandson of Mehemet Ali, the founder, in 1806, of the present dynasty. Ismail Pasha was educated in Paris, being taken there by Ibrahim in 1843. He returned to Egypt in 1849, and went into active opposition to the then Viceroy, Abbas I. When Said Pasha became Viceroy, Ismail became a member of the Council, and began to be a power in the land. In 1863, Ismail being then in his thirty-third year, succeeded his uncle Said. Ismail's ability was great, his faculty for business remarkable, his manners fascinating, and his knowledge of men instinctive. Coming into power, as he did, at the height of the Civil War in the United States, he set himself to promote the cultivation of Egyptian cotton, and derived from it a considerable revenue. The construction of the Suez Canal under his rule by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps also will remain a noteworthy landmark in the world's history. Owing to this enterprise and the close relations into which he entered with the Great Powers he attained to such an authoritative position that in 1873 the Sultan of Turkey was obliged to acknowledge the autonomy of Egypt, and apply the law of primogeniture to the family of Ismail.—(See page 5.)





WORTHY OF CAREFUL STUDY.

MANY journals in the olden day, and a few in our *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, have always reserved the right of privilege or prerogative of the "last word." We deem it the better journalism, as well as more satisfactory to the general reader, to let correspondents handle their subjects in their own way, when they are qualified to speak by the light of the facts and can therefore say something that is worthy of general attention.

The protest of the writer of the following letter—against the charge that he is in an attitude of hostility toward the Nicaragua Canal Company—is of course to be accepted as final. As for the rest of the letter, it speaks very clearly for itself. It is a reminder, furthermore, that we may perhaps neglect this great undertaking too long—while patchwork and divided counsels prevail at the National Capital. The sentiments expressed by Mr. Morlan will be widely indorsed, and we trust that whatever communications he receives from our readers the next time will be in the main far from unpleasant. The broad contention of the letter is eminently sound—namely, that the Canal Company will best serve its own interests as well as those of the country at large, by being perfectly frank with the public and the financial world whose confidence it is seeking.

Here is Mr. Morlan's letter:

EDITOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

DEAR SIR—I have an idea that the subscribers of a paper often forget that they are only one in ten thousand—or more—and keep on reading their favorite journals from month to month and year to year with the feeling that it is being printed and published exclusively for their individual pleasure; if the writer has been suffering from this illusion, he has been gradually, but surely, accumulating knowledge along this line ever since the appearance of my letter in your issue of February 13, which you were pleased to designate as "An Attack on the Canal Company."

Of course I should have known it, but it never occurred to me that so many people were reading this same paper—or that its subscribers were scattered over such a wide area—and I never dreamed that so many were interested in one way or another in the enterprise to which I referred. But it is not to discuss these communications that I now write, but to correct what is certainly a wrong impression in regard to my attitude toward the Company. The article was not written in a spirit of hostility to this great enterprise or its promoters. It was simply a criticism of the methods adopted by the managers, and especially of the foolish threat against Congress, which, if properly reported, was simply childish, and altogether beneath the dignity of its author.

The policy of the Company from its inception has been one of deception in a greater or less degree; possibly those most active in the cause were themselves deceived, and in their anxiety to secure the favorable opinion of the financial world were led astray by the plausible theories advanced, and ably supported, by those whose interest it was to keep the bright side out.

While it is well to make as good a showing as the nature of an enterprise will permit, it is very much better to carefully study the difficulties that must be encountered and overcome. A one-sided showing will sooner or later invariably work injury to any cause.

In the first place, there is hardly the shadow of a doubt but the construction will cost much more than the most conservative estimates. Many people who have been over the ground share this opinion. There is very little doubt that the cost of maintaining the Canal when once completed has been greatly underestimated. Perhaps the greater difficulty of all is the climate; it has been reported as healthful to the last degree. From reading some descriptions of Nicaragua it would seem that the Garden of Eden had been transplanted to that State—and enlarged and improved. But those who have lived in the country, sharing the wretched hovels of the natives, witnessing the squalor and misery that prevail, think differently, especially if they have experienced an attack of jungle fever, and very few escape who go forth to labor in those vast miasmatic swamps, subsisting, as they must, on the frijoles and tortillas which form the principal articles of diet of this class. With poor food, wretched surroundings and nights passed in a one-sided warfare with the hosts of stinging insects, can it be expected that a man will perform the same amount of work as the one employed under conditions prevailing in the States? Yet the compilers of Canal statistics have too often based their calculations on the cost of doing a stated amount of work under the most favorable circumstances, thus creating a false impression of cost.

These are a few of the things that need to be calmly considered, and fully understood, and the cause of the Company will be strengthened by stating the whole case.

The country is fully aware of the vast benefit this waterway will be to the United States; it is also fully aware that it must and will be controlled by the American policy, which means that it will be built by American money, for Europe will not furnish the capital to build a structure which she can never hope to exercise any authority over. That it will be built, and so controlled, the writer has no doubt; and the sooner it is done the better.

The eagerness of bidders for the recent issue of Government bonds is an illustration of the ease with which money can be realized on any security in which the people have confidence, even at a very low rate of interest. If the Canal Company can command the same respect, the means to carry it through will not be lacking, and the necessity of calling on "European capital" will be at an end. The way to secure that confidence is to state the whole case fully and fairly. Personally, I am in favor of the Government taking charge of the entire construction. This would be a guarantee of its successful completion, and I very much doubt if the work will advance very far until such action is taken. I fully appreciate the fact that the Company has large interests at stake, and sympathize with the movement to secure protection for the same, but cannot think that Congress will be bullied into a favorable attitude by idle threats. If my

language seemed harsh, it was certainly prompted by no unfriendly spirit, but simply with a view to agitating the question from a new standpoint—that of an impartial observer.

Indianapolis, Feb. 24, 1896.

ALBERT MORLAN.

MANDATORY ARBITRATION.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been manifested during the past week in the outcome of a resolution proposed by Charles W. Hoadley to the Central Labor Union of New York. The resolution proposes the insertion of a compulsory arbitration plank in the constitution of the Central Labor Union, and reads as follows:

"Any union having a general grievance against its employers that fails to submit the same to arbitration within a week shall not have the support of the Central Labor Union."

Mr. Hoadley has long been known as a thoughtful and conscientious labor leader, and his views or opinions are entitled to as much respect as those of any man in the movement at the present time. In view of the fact that COLLIER'S WEEKLY considers the discussion of economic questions an extremely important part of the work of a leading journal, Mr. Hoadley has been asked to favor its readers with an ample expression of his views than he has yet made in regard to his proposed arbitration plank. In response to this invitation Mr. Hoadley has favored us with the following statement:

"ARBITRATION."

"Probably no action on the part of organized labor in recent years has attracted as much attention as did the amendment to the constitution of the Central Labor Union of New York offered on Sunday, February 16, by myself. The amendment provided that any union attached to the Central Labor Union having a general grievance against its employers, that fails to submit the matter to arbitration before ordering a strike, shall not receive any support from the central body. It was introduced by myself as a delegate of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local No. 3 of New York, and marks an epoch in the history of the labor movement in this city. It came at a time when the trades, having grown cautious through costly experiences in sympathetic strikes and lockouts, were casting about for some safe landing-place in which to be protected from storms similar to those that have beset them during the past thirteen years, or since the organization of that movement that gave to the world the chance to see to what ends labor would go if it was allowed full sway without advisers or an advisory board to guide the ship over the shoals of egotism, machinations and duplicity—those characteristics of the human family that crop out everywhere when the policy of those in power is laid without any consideration of the powerless.

"On the basis that numerical strength, a treasury in any condition from the lowest to the highest, and a zeal worthy of emulation in any cause, but depending on arousing in every branch of protective industry a spirit of moral and financial indorsement, the building trades of this city have undertaken strikes that have caused the whole country to look on with awe. Not in every instance have the trades that suffered most keenly in their support of the one for which they were losing time and money had even an abstract statement of the grievances of that trade laid before them. Too many times the strike, simple enough at its start, but destined eventually to paralyze the building industry of the city, has been the work of the business agent of the union in the trade. He, by a plausible explanation to the union, secured an indorsement of his action, and in turn the stand of the union was indorsed by the Board of Delegates. This is one of the evils under which the building trades suffer, but it is not to be understood that every union is so handled or that every agent so conducts the affairs of his union. But such a state of affairs appears at intervals, and it was with a whole-souled purpose to save men from themselves that the writer introduced that amendment.

"Being a Knight of Labor, pledged in its constitution to work for the principle of arbitration, as well as sitting as Worthy Foreman of Building Constructors, District 253 of the Knights of Labor, also a member of the New York Council of Mediation and Conciliation, of which the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter is president, he felt that he could call to his support every element in every walk in life that has been looking forward to progressive action on the part of organized labor.

"The manner in which the press, the church, the law and the general public have joined in an encomium on the merits of that action is encouragement to the writer to push the good work forward; and apropos to the question of international arbitration the suggestion is offered that to give proper *verre* to that movement those gentlemen that are forming the national board should remember that from labor's ranks come the material for war, and that we have learned that

"Were half the wealth that fills the world with terror,
Were half the money bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

"LONGFELLOW.

"To recur to the question at issue, should a union have a grievance under the amendment it would of necessity submit it to arbitration, which would give to the matter publicity, and every trade would be informed, then, if a settlement unsatisfactory to the aggrieved party were reached. The question would then be submitted in turn to the affiliated unions, and upon their vote would depend the final disposition of the matter.

"Should the amendment be adopted the amount of lost time will be reduced to a minimum, the buildings will go ahead and a better spirit will prevail. What labor may ask for in reason will be given, and the days of delays, losses and suits will be past. It may be said that all this is Utopian, or too idealistic; but let not the carper be too sure of his ground.

"There is behind this matter a healthy moral influence that is the lever which will move the weight rest-

ing upon the fulcrum which exists in that amendment. Have no fear—a hungry stomach makes an active brain, and the families of those mechanics that have weathered the gales of the past ten years in the labor movement are demanding that the unions of this city change the mode of procedure.

"C. W. HOADLEY.

"New York, Feb. 22, 1896."

That the time is not ripe yet for the adoption of such a resolution as proposed by Mr. Hoadley will probably be shown by the action of the Central Labor Union on the matter. The miscellaneous section of that body has already rejected it as being too radical a measure for present consideration, and Mr. Hoadley's motion is not likely to receive much mercy at the hands of the building trades section, for certain well-known reasons.

When the motion was first offered to the Central Labor Union William J. O'Brien, president of the Board of Delegates, opposed it, stating that, although he was in favor of arbitration, he did not see how such an amendment could be made practical in cases where the employers refused to arbitrate. However, according to the wording of the motion, the failure of the employers to accede to arbitration proposals would not alter the position of matters at all, as the union would not be responsible for the failure to obtain an amicable settlement. The adoption of the idea might, in fact, serve to illustrate the conciliatory spirit of the labor unions and place them on record as being the first to signify their assent to a more delicate and diplomatic way of settlement of disputes with employers.

There can be no doubt that were all employers occupying a common ground as do all wage earners they would welcome with acclamation, and immediately indorse, a scheme which would obviate the necessity of costly and wearisome strikes, which cause such an unpleasant paralysis of their operations. But, while sentiment and a spirit of equity is apt to prevail in the councils of a labor union, even under circumstances of the most provocative character, no such considerations have any weight with the employers of labor. To them the latter is a commodity which must be bought at the lowest figure, and all transactions in regard to it are calculated on a purely business basis, apart from the idea that such commodity may represent human beings or fellow-men. That part of the question is taken up after the practical side has been first disposed of, it being understood that business, to be successful, cannot be conducted with any consideration for sentiment, because of the immutable law of competition.

That employers are hard-hearted or unjust is not for a moment to be inferred from this statement, it being purely a matter of self-preservation with them to buy all commodities required for their business at the lowest obtainable figure.

The question, therefore, involved in the present issue is not the moral, or even the desirable, but a solution which can be arrived at from a business basis. There is no question but that the strike power is a weapon in the hands of labor which has enabled it to win the position that it holds to-day. The sagacious labor leader who knows when to order a strike is like the clever general who knows just when it is proper to make an assault on the enemy.

It is doubtful if the cause of organized labor would not in the main suffer if it pledged itself, at this stage, to follow no aggressive policy toward capital inasmuch as the whole world is not yet open to accept superiority of argument as *prima facie* evidence of power. An attempt was made some months ago to bring about a milder policy in the treatment of employers in the building trades of New York by having a council pass upon all strikes before the Board of Delegates could take it in hand to order them. The scheme failed because it was shown that the power of the Board would have been greatly crippled by such a council.

It must be understood that labor fights an unequal battle with capital at all times. A long strike is invariably a losing one for labor whatever it may be to capital. The only chance for labor lies in prompt action, and bringing the employer to terms by a sharp, decisive blow. The possibility of doing this would be greatly diminished by the executive power having to submit its proposals first to the consideration of a consultative body. This was demonstrated so effectively by President O'Brien that the attempt to form a Council of the building trades fell through last fall. O'Brien is a leader of great influence, and while he has always shown himself to be ready to conciliate employers, he has never hesitated to make war on them when he considered it necessary for the good of the union. His aggressive action has made the Granite Workers Union one of the most successful in the country, and he has shown his mental capacity by defeating, single handed, the schemes of the Eastern Quarry Trust at Albany, in regard to the Stone Dressing Bill, where he had to contend with such men as Edward Lauterbach and others acting as counsel for the trust.

While Mr. Hoadley's motion is therefore a most interesting and appropriate one, it is scarcely possible that it can be adopted at present owing to the peculiar condition of the relations between labor and capital. All that has been accomplished of importance by organized labor has been done by slow and progressive steps, and this will continue to be the case.

The policy of avoiding strikes as far as it would be consistent with the prestige or policy of the labor union would be an excellent one. Whether it would be safe, however, to take the power of striking away from an individual union is doubtful, the strike and the boycott being its only offensive weapons. The proper step to be taken in the development of the power of organized labor is the adoption of higher dues and a more careful discretionary use of the striking power, intended to foster the finances of the organization. The fact that a union had a heavy bank account would give it more influence with an employer and serve to obviate more strikes than would anything else. The conservation of funds should therefore be the first object of a labor union, as it is that of a prudent individual. The adoption of higher dues and the accumulation of funds for defensive purposes will lay the foundation of the joint stock labor union, which is always advocated by this paper as the true solution of the labor problem.

HERBERT E. CLAMP.



A WORD FOR MR. AUSTIN.

TO THE EDITOR:

WHY should the newspapers, almost without exception, experience an apparently malicious pleasure in poking fun at the new English Laureate? An intermittent fire of badinage is maintained at his expense. Really, it seems about time to say a word for Mr. Alfred Austin. And his case may be considered from several points of view.

What was the initial misdemeanor of which Mr. Austin has been guilty? He accepted the offer of his post from the English Prime Minister. Thereupon the newspaper critics protested that he had committed sacrilege in receiving

"The laurel, greener from the brow
Of him who uttered nothing base."

As Tennyson said on the occasion of his own succession as Laureate to Wordsworth. Yet Mr. Austin's assumption of office in nowise indicated that he laid any claim to the mantle of Tennyson. The latter derived none of his greatness from the mere fact that he had been England's Laureate. It was rather the other way. His occupancy of that office invested it with a dignity not its own and its laurel, certainly, came "greener from his brow" to that of Mr. Austin, simply because Tennyson had worn it. The newspapers said that the Laureateship should be allowed to lapse altogether, and its memory be handed down associated with the glory of its last great holder. That was all very well, but the powers in whose discretion it lay to perpetuate or to end the office decided upon the former course. Then came Mr. Austin's opportunity, and why need he be charged with presumption in seizing it? The fact that there were in England poets who far transcended him in genius was quite outside the question. He did not pose as their equal. It is folly to suppose that he considered his claim to recognition as on a par with that, for instance, of Swinburne. On the other hand, it was actually more fitting that he, rather than Swinburne, should be Laureate, and the reason for this has been already intimated. To be the official Court singer does not indicate the possession of genius, nor do its duties tend to foster genius. They are rather subversive of genius, and a modest rhymester is probably more likely to satisfactorily perform them than a heaven-inspired poet would be. They are duties which call for mediocrity. Poetry is essentially the product of imagination and feeling, and it must appeal to the imagination and feeling of others. Any other kind of so-called poetry is unworthy the name. Poetry is spontaneous and cannot be produced to order. Now a Poet Laureate, singing in his official capacity, does not produce poetry. Which may seem paradoxical, but is nevertheless true. The birth of a royal grandchild, the marriage of a royal aunt, or the demise of a royal grand-uncle, however they may respectively be proper occasions for rejoicing or lamentation, do not, and cannot, in the nature of things, inspire a poet who is no relation to the parting or the arriving guest. Still less will they inspire a paid poet. Whether they inspire him or not, however, he has got to write about them, and the natural consequence follows—that his verse will be wooden.

"To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad"—

And vice versa, is the duty of a Poet Laureate, and it reduces him to the level of a mechanic.

So it has happened that some of the worst poets have been the best Laureates, and some of the noblest of poets have suffered in rhythm and reputation from contact with the Laureateship. Perhaps no case upon record furnishes a sadder example of the debilitating influences of the office than that of Tennyson. Imagine the genius who could compose the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" inflicting upon the nation, in his official capacity as Laureate, the phantasm known as the "Queen's Jubilee Ode"! How imitatively it was travestied, at the time, in Mr. Labouchere's *Truth*:

"Queen and Empress of India
Crowned so long with a diadem
Which is kept under lock and key,
Comes at last to her Jubilee;
And, since I am her Laureate,
'Tis my duty to sing of it.

"These trochaic and dactylic measures
Are indeed an excellent invention,
For they save a vast amount of trouble.

"When you need not bother about rhyming
Line with line, to versify in this way
Soon becomes as shelling peas as easy.

"Beautifully simple is my method
Of a-chopping up my verses into
Sections numbered One, Two, Three, and
so on.

"Shape a stately memorial.
Some—excuse if I mention it,
But, alas! I'm expected to—
Some Imperial Institute
In this year of the Jubilee.

"Henrys', Edwards', Georges' fifty autumns,
And these fifty winters, springs, and summers,
What a canto one might write about them!

"Zulus, Maoris, Hottentots,
Hindoos, Kaffirs, Mohammedans,
Redskins, Black-white-and-yellow-skins,
Whom, from pressure of space I can't
Name in full in my catalogue;
Help me welcome the glorious
Golden year of the Jubilee!

"Are there scoffers grumbling in the distance?
Are there murmurs rising at my Carmen?
Surely, I could thus run on for ages,
Ave, till I had e'en myself accomplished
Fifty years of loyal milk and water;
But I spare ye! Ri-ful, toral loal!"

While Tennyson wore the strait-jacket of the Laureateship, his poetic genius was usually mute. But his melancholy official performances could not obscure the real Tennyson, who shone forth the more luminous by contrast, when the strait-jacket hung on its peg. He was too great to be extinguished by the temporary handicap, and although the world smiled at some of his official heroics, it still somehow grew to regard the post of Laureate with a certain undue reverence because he was its incumbent. And this is especially true of public opinion, since his death. It may be otherwise, however, in the case of lesser men. Nothing that has been here said as to inferior poets having made the best Laureates should be construed as casting a reflection upon Mr. Austin. Much that he has written, if it is not in the truest and best sense poetry, is yet unquestionably very musical and charming verse. Whatever reputation as a versifier he has hitherto enjoyed he has doubtless fairly earned. But the danger is that, having accepted the Laureateship, he may fall a martyr to the penalties it carries. Not being in itself exalted, and Mr. Austin not being a great poet, his previous, unofficial achievements may be finally obscured by the official work he will have to turn out to order, and the need of praise he has enjoyed as Alfred Austin may be drowned in the chorus of sarcastic disapproval which is pretty certain to greet his utterances as Laureate. So that it seems as if, instead of jumping upon Mr. Austin because he was offered and took the office of royal rhymester, we should sympathize with him, pat him on the back, and call him brave. Has he not taken heavy risks?

THOMAS DONNELLY.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

ENGLAND'S reported intention of evacuating Egypt will receive due credence when it is carried into effect. But probably not before, no matter how plausible the wording of the cable dispatches which confidently announce it. There are several good reasons why England should not be in a hurry to get out of the land of the Pharaohs just now.

If the Czar and the Sultan have really reached an agreement giving Russia the right of way through the Dardanelles, England's traditional Eastern policy is set aside. The achievements, diplomatic and military, of former English statesmen have failed to keep the Sultan from finally passing under the predominant influence of the Czar; Constantinople no longer forms a bulwark for England's highway to India, and Russia becomes a Mediterranean Power. This alone would be sufficient to disturb the shades of Beaconsfield and Palmerston, but what would those departed prophets of British empire think could they see a Conservative Administration, in the face of such a Russian triumph, deliberately relinquish England's grasp on Egypt? They would turn Westminster Palace into a haunted house, and scare Lords and Commons into the Thames.

It is quite true that English statesmanship has to a great extent outlived the Beaconsfield dispensation. The Russian Bear is not the grisly specter he once was in English eyes, nor is the autonomy of Turkey the same object to England that it used to be. But what has gradually brought this about? First of all, the building of the Suez Canal, and then its present complete control by England. The latter condition has arrived since Lord Beaconsfield disappeared, and hence it is no reflection on his wisdom that his policy should have been reversed. But what a contradiction of common sense to suppose that England, having by her dominance in Egypt acquired control of the Suez Canal route to India, and thus largely lost her old interest in Turkey and the Dardanelles, is preparing to follow up her acquiescence in a Russian protectorate over the Sultan by surrendering her influence in Egypt, too! As we are asked to believe that such is her intention, it is of interest to review the causes and effects of the English occupation of Egypt.

Nearly a hundred years ago France was foiled in an attempt to plant her flag in Egypt, by English arms. Nelson by sea and Abercrombie by land defeated her ambition. Later, in the time of Mehmet Ali, France renewed the endeavor, and succeeded in maintaining a strong influence which finally made the construction of the Suez Canal possible. Even here, however, English financial interests in the Canal became so important that a dual control of Egyptian affairs by France and England was agreed upon. In 1882 the authority of the Khedive, and consequently the peace of the country and the security of the foreign bondholders, was menaced by the revolt of Arabi Pasha. Some one had to step in to restore order, and as France would not co-operate with England, Mr. Gladstone's Administration bombarded Alexandria, landed an army, and placed Tewfik Pasha firmly on his throne. The natural result followed: the English, having done the work of restoring order unaided, claimed that the safety of the country demanded their presence. Khedival authority was too weak to stand by itself, and the institution of civil and military reforms could only be carried out effectively under English direction. There was no gainsaying this, and so England remained mistress of the situation. France had lost her opportunity, and ever since has had to be content with a back seat in Egyptian councils.

British imperial troops have since been permanently stationed in Egypt, and the present Egyptian army was organized under the direction of a distinguished English officer, General Sir F. Grenfell, whom the Khedive appointed Sirdar of Egypt when peace was restored in September, 1882. The Egyptian infantry is divided into two brigades, in one of which the staff and field officers are all English. General Grenfell was succeeded as Sirdar by General H. H. Kitchener, who has added to the native army five battalions of Soudanese infantry. There are now in the Egyptian service some seventy British officers, detached from imperial regiments by consent of the English Government, and it is said that the loyalty of the native soldiers to them is unquestioned. The reforms in the civil government of Egypt have been as remarkable, under British guidance, as those in the military establishment, and beyond doubt the English occupation has worked for the good of the country at large.

England, in her practical administration of Egyptian

affairs since 1882, has had more arduous tasks to perform than the institution of internal reforms. She has had to fight some of the Khedive's battles against the restless Arab and Negro tribes who people the vast stretches of country surrounding Egypt proper, and who are nominally subject to the Khedive. Prior to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha the province of the Soudan—larger than Egypt itself—had been in a state of revolt. The Soudanese are made up of nomadic tribes, often in warfare against each other, and all regarding Egypt as a common enemy. When Arabi Pasha had been crushed the Khedive, against English counsels, organized an expedition against the Soudan, giving the command to Hicks Pasha, a British officer, who led his wretched fighting material into the wilds, only to meet with defeat—ill-supplied, betrayed and outnumbered—at the hands of the Arabs, now united under a fanatic leader who called himself the Mahdi, or the "chosen one." A second attempt of the Khedive to subdue the Mahdi with a scratch native army meeting a similar fate, England was forced to step in. At first she decreed the abandonment of the Soudan—in line with her original advice to the Khedive—but reconsidered the matter and commenced a desultory war against the Mahdi, which was so lacking in any definite plan of campaign, or decisive results, that Parliamentary pressure forced Mr. Gladstone's Administration to send out General Gordon, of "Chinese" fame. Gordon's mission was to reach Khartoum, the Soudan capital, and either to devise some method of subduing the tribes or to bring the Egyptian garrisons safely out of the wilderness. From Khartoum Gordon sent home suggestions, all of which were ignored by the English Government, and finally, when an army was grudgingly sent to relieve him it arrived only in time to find him dead and Khartoum held by the Mahdi. Thereupon the Soudan was abandoned.

England's present status in Egypt can be briefly and fully explained. The course of her trusteeship has not run altogether smoothly. Tewfik Pasha was succeeded as Khedive by his son, Abbas, who now reigns. Three years ago the latter, then but nineteen years old, suddenly changed his Council of Ministers without saying a word to the British Political Agent in Egypt. He appointed, as president of the Council, Fakhri Pasha, who was noted as an enemy of the British occupation. Lord Cromer, the British Agent, was at once ordered to acquaint the young Khedive that England would not recognize his new Ministry, and that he himself was Khedive only by grace of England. The Ministers were again changed, within twenty-four hours, and Riaz Pasha made president of the Council in place of Fakhri. There was much anti-English bluster in the French press, but the incident passed without further disturbance.

This episode is the key to the present situation. The Khedive Abbas, on account of his youth, has been made the special object of French, Russian and Turkish intrigues. While he has always displayed a spirit of independence and self-assertion, his temporary defiance of England was attributed to the influence of those intrigues, the object of which is easily seen. England is presumably an adviser of the Khedive only, and had she been driven to physical force in coercing him, the other Powers could have cried that she was overstepping her prerogative as trustee for herself and them. The question of her continued occupation, which has been a perennial source of friction between herself and France, would thus have been brought to an issue. France's jealousy of England's presence in Egypt is due to causes already indicated here. The Suez Canal was a French achievement, and yet England almost absolutely controls it. The Sultan of Turkey is the suzerain of the Khedive, who is supposed to be subject in all things to Turkish authority. Yet Constantinople finds itself playing second violin to London in the direction of Egyptian affairs. Hence the Sultan's jealousy of England. As for Russia, her objection to the British occupation might perhaps be solely ascribed to her *entente* with France, and consequent desire to back up the latter, were it not for one circumstance. Contiguous to Egypt Italy has established the colony of Erythraea, on the Red Sea, and is at present involved in war with her next-door neighbor, Abyssinia, between whom and Russia there is a sort of *entente*, largely based upon their community of religious belief. King Menelik of Abyssinia is a pillar of the Russian orthodox church in those parts. The Italian Government is at odds with Pope Leo XIII., to whom, last year, Russia sent an envoy to formally announce the accession of the present Czar. This act has been regarded as a *rapprochement* between St. Petersburg and the Vatican. In 1882, before England took charge in Egypt, she invited Italy to occupy the country with an Italian army officered by Englishmen. Italy declined, but General Barattieri, Governor of the Italian colony on the Red Sea, entered into a formal convention with General Kitchener, the English Sirdar of the Egyptian army, for co-operation of their respective forces in case of necessity. England and Italy, therefore, are in a sense allies in Egypt. They would be such in case of a renewal of warfare between the Egyptian army or the British troops and the Arab tribes in the Khedive's dominions bordering the Italian colony. These facts, considered together, will throw some light upon Russia's policy.

Does it seem likely that England will now retire and leave the young Khedive a free hand and an open ear to receive the combined anti-English suggestions of her rival, France, of the latter's ally, Russia, and of the Sultan of Turkey, already at the beck and call of the Czar and aiming at the reassertion of his own suzerainty over Egyptian affairs? How significant, too, that the Sultan's first important move, following the conclusion of his understanding with St. Petersburg, should be to invite Lord Salisbury "to regulate the situation in Egypt with Turkey." It is almost ludicrous to think of the Sultan, with Russia behind him and France behind Russia, as ready "to give guarantees for the security" of the Anglo-Indian communications via the Suez Canal.

In a word, does England propose to burn both her bridges at once? KURIOS.

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best-quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Everts, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



MRS. VIRGINIA CLAY CLAYTON OF
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE
DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY



SIDE VIEW OF THE JEFF DAVIS HOUSE AT RICHMOND TO BE OPENED AS A MUSEUM



MRS. KATE C. CURRIE PRES. TEXAS DIV.
DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY



MRS. EDW. PRESTON CLARKE OF LINCENBURG, VA.
PRES. OF VIRGINIA DIV. AND TREASURER OF THE UNITED SOCIETY



MRS. ROBT. E. PARKS OF MACON DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY
AND WORKER FOR THE JEFF DAVIS MUSEUM



MRS. JOHN C. BROWN PRES. UNITED DAUGHTERS OF
THE CONFEDERACY

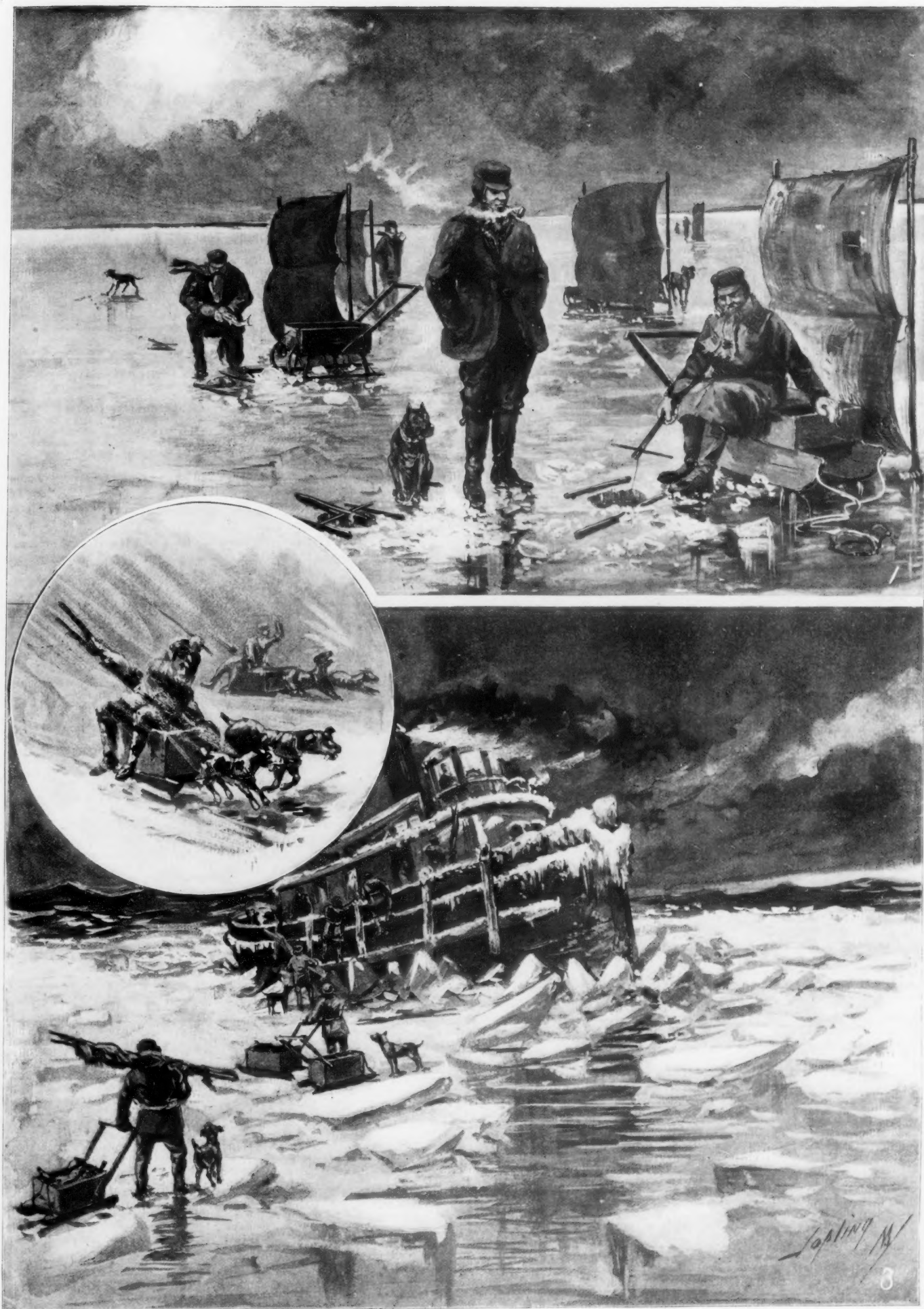


MRS. SARAH GRANT JACKSON OF ATLANTA, GA. A YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF
THE CONFEDERACY



MRS. BURTON SMITH DAUGHTER OF GENL. B. GORDON
COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS

DAUGHTERS OF THE SOUTHLAND.



WINTER ON LAKE ERIE.

1. Fishing through the ice. 2. Homeward bound. 3. Beleaguered fishermen rescued from an ice floe.

THE INDIAN AS A SOLDIER.

BY LIEUT. HERMAN HALL.

The scheme inaugurated by the War Department in March, 1891, to enlist Indians in the regular army has now been conclusively demonstrated a failure. All possible means were adopted to make the experiment a success; enthusiastic and suitable officers were placed in charge of the Indian companies; tribal rights of the redmen were observed; cooks, tailors and artisans were taken, when practicable, from those Indians who had undergone instruction at Carlisle or similar schools; discipline was not nearly so stringent as with other troops; but all to no avail.

It was proposed to enlist nineteen companies of infantry and eight troops of cavalry, attaching them to white regiments only; but not near that number was ever obtained. In 1891 there were 417 enlisted Indians; 1892, 780; in 1893, 771; in 1894, 547; while at present there remains but one troop.

The reasons for the failure are manifold. Illiteracy and an almost total ignorance of the English language was a main factor; instructions and commands were given almost entirely through interpreters or by signs. The total new conditions imposed on the Indians, their restlessness and the proximity of reservations where they saw their brethren living in freedom and idleness were likewise elements breeding discontent.

An Indian generally marries when young, and this is almost impracticable when he chooses a soldier's life; but ten married men were recognized in each company, so that many men could not live with their families. Even ten married men to a company entailed numerous "camp followers." The Indians were not as a rule good soldiers; the better ones were half-breeds. They are careless and uncontrollable when intoxicated—a very frequent condition after the monthly pay day. The attention of army surgeons was usually ignored; if any became sick or injured the medicine treatment was practiced with savage scrupulousness,

tented Indians present are those who have been discharged from the army.

Officers, and especially younger ones, have no doubt learned much from the experiment in regard to the Indian character and better how to deal with them. It is not likely that the military knowledge gained by the redmen would greatly benefit them in case of future wars with the whites, for their time-honored method of fighting would still be practiced; their chiefs did not enlist, and these still exercise influence.

The Government was certainly liberal to them, for aside from the pay, ration and allowances received from the War Department, they also drew a ration from the Interior Department; and though an Indian's appetite is enormous, no complaint with respect to food has been heard.

While it is true that many of the tribes are excellent riders, the Indians as soldiers were not found to be good horsemen. The care and attention bestowed by the cavalryman on his horse was not appreciated by him; with him it was to ride a horse hard all day, and if the animal be played out, mount another.

As scouts when enlisted for six months at a time they have always been extremely useful, but the occasions for their future employment to fight one another will soon have vanished.

Upright agents, good treatment on the reservations, the gradual introduction of a means of support, plenty of food, abolition of savage rites and chiefdoms are important factors in the solution of the Indian problem.

THE RIDE OF BILLY BARHOO.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE GREAT MINERS' STRIKE OF 1894.

THEY'RE talking about it yet in Rutland. If you should happen to drop in there, you wouldn't be in town long before you would run across some native who, while looking into your face with



INDIAN TROOPS.

and it often happened after a wound was carefully dressed that the surgeon found, on his next visit, the bandages had been removed.

That they gained some ideas of neatness and cleanliness is indisputable; but whether they will retain them is another question. They liked the display part of the military life and the use of authority.

A case is recalled during the Coxey movement when an Indian troop was ordered out to assist at the stopping of a stolen train on the Northern Pacific. The Indians braided their horses' manes and tails and desired permission to wear war paint. On another occasion an Indian was ordered to direct three tramps to leave a military reservation. The embryo cavalryman equipped himself complete with carbine, saber and pistol, and, mounting his horse, rode up to the tramps, saying: "John, you go home! damn!"

On guard no reliance could be placed in them; for, as a rule, they could not comprehend the various instructions; nor did it seem just to place an intelligent white soldier under an Indian corporal. Fatigue duty was menial to them. Punishment by confinement to the guardhouse was considered a great dishonor. Two cases are recalled of Indians attempting suicide, one successfully, after having been confined for a misdemeanor.

By enlisting them the desire was to provide them some means of honorable employment, teach them good habits and furnish an example to others of their tribe; also to learn more thoroughly the characteristics and military capabilities of the different tribes. This was partially accomplished, though reports from one reservation are that the most discon-

an expression that showed he had a story to tell, would slowly ask:

"Ever heard 'bout Billy Barhoo 'n' that ride o' his'n?"

And then, as you would quizzically exclaim "No!" he would continue: "Why, talk 'bout these yere made-up yarns in story-books! They ain't in it with the ride o' Billy Barhoo!" And I believe, myself, that the deed of this little miner boy does go to show that "truth is, sometimes, stranger than fiction."

Billy Barhoo is thirteen years old, freckled and red-headed, and folks used to say, as they passed him at play, "Oh, what a homely boy!" But if you should look him over closely you would see that he has a high forehead and a pair of mighty keen gray eyes, and that his face is, at least, interesting. Billy is the eldest of a family of six children. His father, James Barhoo, is a miner, and out of the depths of "Shaft No. 2," at the edge of the corporate limits of Rutland, La Salle County, Ill., he digs a living for his wife and children.

For about three months in the summer of 1894 James Barhoo was idle. It was during the great strike. Early in May every miner in the United States was supposed to be out of the shaft. Want and hunger soon stared these miners' families in the face, and that of James Barhoo was no exception. However industrious a man may be, he cannot save much money and support a large family from the profits of coal-digging, as the wages are to-day. Billy found work with a market gardener, and, with what odd dollars the father could manage to pick up at day labor, the family worried along. The Columbus scale was determined upon by the convention of



mine operators and strikers' representatives in Ohio, and, finally, along in the latter part of June, the operators at Rutland decided to open the shaft. James Barhoo was once more in employment. But the men at Minonk, six miles distant, could not come to terms with the manager of the Minonk mine and consequently remained idle. There was more trouble. The Minonk men couldn't stand it to see the Rutland fellows at work and sent word to them that they must quit digging and stay out until the mining difficulties of the "North Central District," as it is called, were generally adjusted. The Rutland men were conferred with in special meeting by Charles D. Frasher, the operator of the mine, and assured that if they were willing to work they would be afforded ample protection. The parley lasted several days and ended with the men going back into the shaft.

On the morning of the 28th of June—and he will not forget that day as long as he lives—Billy Barhoo was driving to Minonk on a light spring wagon loaded with vegetables which he was to dispose of, from door to door, among the various residents of the town. The hour was early. The grass was moist with dew, and the air was cool and refreshing, while the sun, coming up from off in the east, shone upon the fertile fields of as fine farms as were to be found in the

He knew that. Lashing the horse into as fast a trot as the old beast was capable of, he drove into town and hitched on a side street. Taking a small basket of potatoes, he made his way to the house of Eph Caul, an English miner whom Billy knew very well. He must make sure if those men really were going to Rutland. Caul, although to general appearances peaceable and "standing in" with the law-abiding citizens of Minonk, was really an eager sympathizer and aider of those strikers who sought to do violence, and who believed that destroying property was a means toward gaining their rights.

By pretending to be interested only in selling Caul a basket of potatoes, Billy was cunning enough to inveigle him into giving away the vital information: the Poles were headed for Rutland! That was enough. Billy did not wait to find out anything more. Selling the potatoes to Caul for considerably less than the market price, that he might end the interview as quickly as possible, he walked slowly away from the miner's house. As soon as he had turned onto the main street and out of sight of Caul, Billy ran like a deer. His mind was acting no less quickly than his brown, bare feet. "Oh, help, help!" he was silently praying. "I must git word to Rutland somehow, but 'twon't do ter try ter drive back. Caul'll see me, 'n' them fellers in the grove'll 'spishun me. Oh, help! Lord, help me somehow! If Ye will, Lord, I'll never swear 'nother word."

Billy wasn't a Sunday-school boy, mind you. Christian training had not been his good fortune. He was only the son of a rough toiler and he had learned to use blasphemous words like the rest of his companions; but, just as thousands of others have done when in trouble, he sought to obtain help from the Almighty by promising to do wrong no more.

Down the street he flew, and was soon near the Illinois Central depot. His plan had been to rush to the station agent and have him send word to Rutland; but, as he turned a corner, he saw "old 67," the yard engine, standing on the main track in front of the depot, and leaning out of the cab, talking to the agent, was Jerry Clancy. "He'd go up on the engine, that's what he'd do! No, he wouldn't either," and he brought himself to a sudden stop. He darted behind a pile of lumber, to conceal himself while he could think. Clancy hadn't seen him and lucky that he hadn't.

"It won't do ter tackle him," Billy gasped as he tried to get his breath. "He's dead enter me."

That was so. One of Billy's weaknesses was his love for hanging around railroad trains. On one excuse and another, he had several times persuaded Clancy into letting him ride on the engine when it came to Rutland for water, from the station up to the company's tank, a half-mile north, and back. Once he had ridden to Minonk with Clancy. This had brought the engineer a red-hot "calling down" from a superior, and Clancy had told Billy that the next time he tried to ride on the engine he'd get "such a 'tanning' as he'd remember."

"No, 'f I'd tell Jerry he'd say 'twas 'nother o' my yarns fer to git a ride, 'n' he wouldn't believe me now," the boy concluded.

Another misfortune was in the way. The agent who was talking with Clancy was the night operator, Hayden. The day man had not come on duty yet. It had so happened that on the day Billy took his last ride Hayden was aboard. Billy knew that Hayden shared Clancy's feeling against him. The two, in all likelihood, wouldn't believe a word he might say, and he knew there was no time to wait until his story could be investigated.

He peeked out at the engine again. His face lighted up. A new idea struck him. Then a scared look came over his face. This was succeeded by a look of grim, do-or-die determination. He darted down past the lumber yard and around the south end of a warehouse. Clancy was still talking with the agent. There would be, perhaps, time enough yet. Billy came out behind a box-car that was on the side track, opposite the

"What shall I do?" the lad asked himself in terror. "Dad's in that mine 'n' prob'ly fifty more. Them devils here'll blow up that mine and kill all below. I know 'em too well. Oh, what kin I do?" and Billy groaned aloud in his fright. He must do something and do it quickly.

engine. The fireman and engineer were standing on the side of the engine cab that was next the depot; that is, the east. Billy slipped quietly and rapidly along the west side and, as he came opposite the forward trucks, he dropped down on his chest and began to crawl. Over the rail he went and thrust his head in under the "cow-catcher." In an instant he had disappeared. Where was he?

Balanced astride the oak beam that runs from beneath the beak of the "cow-catcher" back to the transverse beam that forms the base of the apparatus. This transverse beam is joined, at each end, with the sides of the "catcher"; that is, the two beams are at right angles with each other and horizontal above the roadbed.

There was a space of possibly two feet, perpendicularly, over the transverse beam where the lad had been able to wedge in by bringing his head close to his knees. To hold himself in place, he had to grasp the thick, sloping slats above him.

"I s'pect I'll be killed," he said to himself, "but I'll try my best to git there 'n warn 'em—" Then klang klang! klang klang! klang klang! the bell sounded and the mighty machine began to glide slowly forward.

The fireman pulled open the door and began to shovel in coal. While he was doing so Clancy gave an extra pull at the throttle, saying, "Guess we'll let her out a bit."

The old machine jumped forward in instant obedience and was soon flying over the track at a speed of thirty miles an hour. The sand and gravel were flying over Billy in a cloud.

"Won't this awful roar ever end?" was the beseeching prayer that was coming from the child's frightened brain. But above all there appeared to stand out in his mind, as if it were a voice from heaven, the warning command:

"Hang to the slats!"

On and on went the engine, now slowing slightly as the whistle came for a crossing, and there was heard the sharp, metallic clinkety-clang as it passed over the iron "cattle guard." Then it began to make up on a down grade. Past meadow, and cornfield, and farmhouse, it flew.

Finally there was sounded a peculiar, long and loud whistle. There was a quick jerk; the engine slackened speed a little. Billy had still faulty enough left to heed the long whistle. His brain awoke. It meant Rutland. His torture would soon be over.

Slower and slower and slower, and finally the engine rolled over the plank crossing of the carriage road and stopped in front of the Rutland station.

The run had lasted about thirteen minutes. To the child it been an eternity.

Marshal Bill Burt, with his long hickory cane, had just stepped out of the station door, to say a friendly "good-morning" to Engineer Clancy, when he heard a feeble cry, "Help, help!" coming from beneath the engine. He hurried around in front of it and saw something moving under there. Darting back to the cab, he shouted:

"Fer Gawd's sake, Clancy, don't ye start up! There's a man under the 'cow-catcher'!"

Clancy sprang down from his cab and, with Burt's help, pulled the boy out from off his perilous perch.

"Why, it's Billy Barhoo!" both exclaimed in almost the same breath. Blood was streaming down the child's face, caused by the cuts received when his head was bumped against projecting bolts as the engine had whirled along. Dirt and gravel were ground into his forehead and had become mixed with the blood that trickled over his clothes. "Speak, boy! Be ye killed?" asked the marshal, huskily, while he bent over, as they laid the little fellow on the baggage truck. Billy, with a feeble, spluttering

sound, spit the blood from his lips and murmured:

"The Poles are comin' from Minonk t' burn th' shaft. I—" and then the lad's head tumbled back and he was senseless.

About an hour later the Poles did come. But when their leaders stalked up toward the shaft to reconnoitre they saw pointed at them the muzzles of a lot of Marlin rifles that were held in the hands of determined men.

The Poles retreated. Billy, though badly bruised up from his strange ride, was not seriously injured and was soon out and around the town again.

There is one coal company, be it known, that admits there is such a thing as heroism. You should see the gold badge the Northern Illinois Coal Company of Rutland gave Billy; and there is also a five hundred-dollar account it has placed to his credit at M. C. Doe's bank.

JOHN L. WRIGHT.

A GUARDIAN BOA-CON-STRICTOR.

SOME few years ago I was mate of the down-east schooner "Sarah G." Our pretty little vessel really belonged to the fruiting fleet which supplies the New York market with West Indian fruit; but of the time of which I write we were on our way home from Para with a cargo of coca, coffee and nuts, a good freight, for that port having offered itself while the fruiting season was dull.

Besides our general cargo we had on deck several large cage-like boxes which our seamen never passed without giving them a wide berth. These boxes were carefully stowed away on the top of the main hatch and lashed to the ring-bolts at the corner with heavy rope lashings. Three of the cases contained each a live specimen of the South American boa-constrictor, or anaconda, as they are called in that country. The largest was about twelve feet, the other two ten feet in length. They were handsome-looking fellows, although there is always something repulsive about a serpent. In some smaller boxes beside them were a number of live rabbits which had been sent on board as food for the boas. The reptiles were consigned to a museum in New York, and we were to be paid a large figure for them if they were delivered in safety. Besides the anacondas we had a number of venomous snakes which were going to the same consignee, and which were kept in a large box under the boat on the top of the forward house.

Everything went well with us for a while, and we had beautiful weather as far as Hatteras.

It was Sunday evening. The wind had been light and southerly all day, and at sunset it died away altogether. In the twilight black masses of clouds began to roll up on the northern horizon, and as it grew darker bright flashes of lightning lighted up their sable depth, while the thunder growled ominously at intervals. Rapidly the black pall rose till its upper border reached even to our zenith; and with it rose that strange, undefinable moaning of the sea which always precedes a tempest.

In the meantime we had not been idle. All our light sail had been taken in, the foresail stowed and the third reef taken in the mainsail. All the sail now set was a small piece of the mainsail and fore-staysail. Everything about the decks had been firmly lashed, and special care had been taken to secure the boxes containing the serpents and to cover them with tarpaulin.

Soon a white line of foam appeared along the northern horizon, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, and at last the storm burst upon us in all its fury. Our anxious moment of suspense was at hand, as the blast struck our gallant little vessel and she heeled over till the water rushed in over her lee rail, and then she answered her helm and came up to the wind. There she lay with her head off shore, now close to the wind and again off a point or two, and gradually drifting away from the dangers of the coast.

By daylight there was a heavy sea running, and though the schooner was an excellent sea boat, she would occasionally take some water on board. One sea, larger than the rest, came over abait the fore-rigging and fell with a crash like thunder on the main hatch. There were many tons of water in it, and we feared the hatch might be stove in; but it only broke the cases containing the boas into kindling wood. All of us had refuge aft, and for a few minutes we could see the great reptiles floundering around in the volume of water which swept fore and aft the deck with every plunge of the vessel. Very soon, however, she cleared herself through the swinging ports in the bulwarks, and I must confess it was with a sense of relief that we saw the sinuous forms of the boas—all three as we thought—glide overboard in the briny torrent.



The rabbits shared the fate of the serpents.

In twenty-four hours from its sudden outbreak the storm began to abate. As the wind fell the sea subsided; and we shook out another reef in the mainsail, set the close-reefed foresail and began looking around for damages. It was not till daybreak next morning that we discovered we had still some cause for anxiety in regard to our stock. The same sea that had washed our boas overboard had washed the box containing the venomous snakes off the top of the forward house, and that it had been stove in on deck we knew from finding the tinned sides of the case jammed in among our spare spars. Where were the snakes? Had they gone overboard with their larger brethren, or were they concealed somewhere around the deck?

With fear and trembling we searched the galleys and fore-castle, which had both been flooded by the sea, but no trace of the snakes could be found. If they were still on board the only place now where they could possibly be stowed away was under the low topgallant fore-castle before the windlass. This space we used as a locker for stowing away the thousand and one odds and ends necessary about a vessel, and a small portion of it was fitted up as a paint locker.

Before retiring for the night the watch would always search the fore-castle and after this was accomplished they would shut themselves in. As for the watch on deck, the second mate and myself had no trouble in keeping them awake at night during the rest of the voyage. Not a man would dare to lie down on deck after nightfall. I believe we all had a chronic nightmare after that. I know that snakes entered largely into my dreams.

The day before we sighted the Scotland Lightship I sent a man under the topgallant fore-castle for a pot of tar. In a few minutes he came running aft with a scared look on his face, to tell me there was a boa coiled up in the bow of the vessel. I took a lantern and explored, crawling in as far as I was able, but could see nothing in the shape of a serpent, save some coils of rope which the man's imagination might have transformed. However, I had to get the tar myself.

It was late the next afternoon when we passed the Narrows, and as we could not dock that evening we anchored at Red Hook on the Brooklyn side of the entrance to East River. I had had some experience with river thieves at that anchorage on former voyages; so I set a night watch before turning in, giving the men strict injunctions to call me should any suspicious boat approach the vessel.

It was a bright moonlight night, but we were close to the shore and the shadows of the tall buildings made a good lurking-place for the pirates; and a boat lies so low that it is difficult to perceive it on the water even on the brightest night. I had little fear of the watch going to sleep, so I turned in with a feeling of security which I thought circumstances would warrant.

About midnight the captain and myself were awakened by a blood-curdling yell. As we sprang on deck our ears were greeted with a repetition of the cry, and we heard a splash alongside as though some one were in the water drowning. The first thing we saw was our watchman sitting up on the main hatch, rubbing his eyes and staring at the rail on the starboard side, where, twined around the lanyards and sheer-pole of the fore-rigging, hung an enormous boa, his head swinging slowly from side to side, and his little beadlike eyes sparkling in the moonlight.

The rest of the crew had been roused out at the same time; and while some stood with their gaze riveted on the serpent, two had rushed to the side where the splashing came and were now dragging aboard by a rope's end a most woe-begone specimen of humanity, half drowned. Just as he touched the deck and our attention was drawn to him we heard another splash, and when we looked up the anaconda had disappeared. As we jumped to the rail to look after it we saw, what had until now escaped our notice, a boat some distance away in the

shadow, the occupants hanging on their oars.

When the man we had rescued could speak he told us he was a boarding-house runner who had come off to the vessel to bespeak the patronage of the seamen. The first thing he met, as he climbed up by the fore-rigging, was the boa, face to face. His yell had caused his companions to sheer off suddenly from the side, while he himself fell into the water.

The man was a tough-looking fellow, and we made up our minds at once that his mission on board was not nearly so innocent as he wished us to believe. But we had no proof against him, and as he had got a decidedly warm reception already, we signaled his boat and put him aboard, knowing full well that the gang would leave us alone for the rest of the night.

We requested our seamen, when they went ashore, to say nothing about the snake incident; but I expect the fire-water loosened their tongues, for we found great difficulty in shipping a crew for the next voyage. As soon as the schooner's name became known to the applicant for a berth, he would sink away muttering something about snakes. At last, however, we succeeded in getting our complement; and perhaps our misfortune was our gain, for they were brave fellows who were not afraid of anything. And we never again saw anything of the other snakes.

BILL BACKSTAY.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges. Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and hunting resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

1896 High Grade Bicycles

Shipped anywhere C. O. D. at lowest wholesale prices.

1000 Standard	\$22.50
1000 Standard	\$25.00
1000 Standard	\$27.50
1000 Standard	\$30.00
1000 Standard	\$32.50
1000 Standard	\$35.00

Latest models, fully guaranteed; pneumatic tires, weight 17½ to 20 lbs.; all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free. Cash Buyers' Union, 162 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and General Weakness.

Send for sample package, Beeman Chemical Co., 112 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

\$2.75 Buy our 80 Natural Finish Baby Carriage complete with padded steel wheels, axle, springs, and seat from best materials. Made in Germany. Fully guaranteed against breakage for 3 years. Shipped by express collect. **FREE** (also) our money refunded in advance. 10,000 in use. We are the oldest and best known makers of baby carriages, and our reputation is everywhere. Write today for our large FREE illustrated catalogue of latest designs and prices published.

OXFORD MOSE, CO., 340 WABASH AV., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOMESTUDY. Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by Mail at student's home. Low rates, perfect satisfaction. Cat. free. Trial lesson free. **BRYANT & STRATTON, 46 College Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.**

DEAFNESS

and head noises relieved by using **WILSON'S GOWNY SENSE EAR DRUMS.** Entirely new, scientific invention, different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefited where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 102 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

Suddenly. To do so is injurious to the Nervous System. "Baco-Curo" is recognized by the medical profession as the scientific cure for the Tobacco Habit. It is vegetable and harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking it; it will notify you when to stop. "Baco-Curo" is guaranteed to cure where all others fail, and is sold with a **written guarantee** to cure any case, no matter how bad, or money refunded with ten per cent interest.

One box \$1.00; three boxes (and guaranteed cure) \$2.50 at all druggists, or sent direct on receipt of price. Write for free booklet and proofs. **EUREKA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO., LaCrosse, Wis.**



ACTRESS (angrily): "Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of the 'Abandoned Wife' was a miserable failure?"
 CRITIC: "Yes-ee-ee! you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful, that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you."

19 lbs.



365
DAYS
AHEAD
OF
THEM
ALL.

KEATING BICYCLES.

SEE THAT CURVE

In the Center Frame Tube? That's a Stiffener. That's the Reason KEATING'S do Not Break. Think What you would like a Bicycle to be, and send for our Catalogue.

KEATING WHEEL CO.,
Holyoke, Mass.

SIX CENTS sent to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota, will bring you a beautiful book telling you of an ascent to the summit of this peak.

IN GOING TO CALIFORNIA this Winter buy your ticket so that you return via the SHASTA-NORTHERN PACIFIC route. Then you can see this Grand Peak and Yellowstone Park.

Our CALIFORNIA route is a marvel of comfort in Winter and Summer both.

Trans-Pacific steamers to Hong Kong and Yokohama from Tacoma.

PACIFIC

It's
on our Line.

Mt.
Rainier
on
Puget Sound,
nearly three
miles high.



\$5.00 IN GOLD.

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to



The GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY of New York.

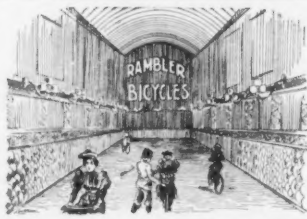
Containing timely, interesting matter relative to subjects

POLITICAL, SOCIAL and HUMOROUS.

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year.

SEND 25c. For sample copy and beautiful souvenir book with photo-engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



BICYCLE RIDING ACADEMIES

OF THE HIGHEST ORDER OF EQUIPMENT AND SERVICE ARE CONDUCTED AT THESE CONVENIENT LOCATIONS:

New York: 939-945, 8th Ave.
 Chicago: 85 Madison St.
 Boston: 174 Columbus Ave.
 Brooklyn: 342-344 Flatbush Ave.
 Washington: 1325, 14th St., N.W.
 Detroit: 201 Woodward Ave.

ONLY THE HIGHEST GRADE WHEELS MADE
RAMBLER BICYCLES
 are used. Salesrooms and renting departments attached. Purchasers taught to ride free. Handsome catalogues on application. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

To Opponents

OF

The Single-Tax

You judge of our reform without complete understanding of our principle or our position. There is only one national exponent of the single-tax, and that is

The Single-Tax Courier,

W. E. BROKAW, Editor.

Price \$1 a Year.

Subscribe For It,

Read It, Then

Criticise Us!

SHERIDAN WEBSTER, Manager.
 810 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Young or old have fun and make money printing for others. Type-setting easy by full printed instructions.

Money Saver
 85. Printing Press
 Print your own cards & small newspaper. Catalogue free, presses, type paper, cards, &c. from maker KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co., 2510 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.



VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue,
 NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Opens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

References required.

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

The Sterling Fork on all Sterling Bicycles

BUILT LIKE A WATCH

Send for Art Catalogue

Sterling Cycle Works Chicago.

NEW YORK ••• SAN FRANCISCO

Scenic Line OF THE World



THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

PASSING THROUGH....

...SALT LAKE CITY...

EN ROUTE TO AND FROM THE PACIFIC COAST

...THE POPULAR LINE TO Leadville, Glenwood Springs ASPEN AND GRAND JUNCTION.

THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO Trinidad, Santa Fe and New Mexico Points Reaching all the principal towns and mining camps in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico.

The Tourist's Favorite Line TO ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

All through trains equipped with Pullman Palace and Tourist Sleeping Cars.

For elegantly illustrated descriptive books free of cost, address E. T. JEFFERY, A. S. HUGHES, S. K. HOOPER, Pres't & Gen. Mgr. Traffic Mgr. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Ag DENVER, COLORADO.

Erie Bicycles

Have Won Popularity.

Erie Bicycles

Scientific Model.

Erie Bicycles \$75

Absolutely Guaranteed.

Erie Bicycles Send for Catalogue. QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

PERSONAL I am Making Good Wages at writing and other home work. Will send full particulars FREE to any LADY enclosing stamp. This is no deception. MRS. T. L. FOWLER, F. PENNINOKE, N.B.

WANTED AGENTS to sell Sash Locks & Door Holders. Sample Sash Lock free by mail for 2c. stamp. Best sellers ever invented. Beate weights \$12 a day. Write quick. BERNARD & CO., Box 25, Philadelphia